

# The Listener

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The dying year: sunset in the Midlands

J. McDonald Blair

In this number:

Germany and the Nato 'New Look' (John Midgley)  
Twenty-five Years of External Broadcasting (Sir Ian Jacob)  
'Chance' and Joseph Conrad (Graham Hough)





CROSSING THE SIMPLON PASS IN 1811

*By courtesy of Messrs. Maggs Bros.*

## GRAND TOUR

IN THE seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, part of the education of a young man of position was 'The Grand Tour'. For a year or more he would travel in as many countries of Europe as the slow transport of the time permitted. Accounts of these tours, surviving in letters, diaries and narrative poems, describe the wonders of Nature and mundane matters such as the condition of the roads and of the beds in the inns.

The experienced traveller always has useful information to pass on. Nowadays, when new facilities continually arise, to lengthen the holiday-maker's leisure or shorten the time needed to do urgent business far afield, intending travellers want the latest facts at their finger tips.

This information is available from the people who provide transport and accommodation and from the travel agents whose encyclopaedic knowledge ranges over the five continents and the seven seas. Many of them will outline their services in special advertisements in *The Listener* next week (Jan. 2), the week after (Jan. 9), and in the Travel Books Number on Jan. 16. To get the best from your travel and holidays in 1958, see the announcements in *The Listener* on Jan. 2, 9, and 16.

# The Listener



# The Listener

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## Germany and the Nato 'New Look'

By JOHN MIDGLEY

OVER the last six Sundays listeners to Mr. George Kennan's Reith Lectures have had the privilege of hearing the most notable contribution of recent years to what I would call the practical theory of world relations. Mr. Kennan's lectures have been much commented on in many countries. Even the Russians, who have disapproved of Mr. Kennan ever since they were so foolish as to turn him out of Moscow, declaring him 'an enemy of peace', in the last months of Stalin's life, have begun to think seriously about what he has been saying. When Mr. Kennan reminded the West not to get so dug into its military position in Europe that a political settlement would be quite ruled out; when he warned his own Government so earnestly that its plans for the nuclear arming of the Continental allies might pin the Russians down in central Europe so firmly that they could never withdraw; he brought Russian as well as Western attention back from space travel to the German question, still the hardest and most explosive thing that divides the Great Powers. No doubt it was by pure chance that he gave these talks within a few weeks of the first two space satellites being put into their orbits by the Russians—an event that has stimulated many people to look afresh at ideas which they had supposed to be tidily settled, established, and above question.

Various of the things Mr. Kennan said, and other things that people too busy to listen *thought* he had said, have aroused a good deal of adverse comment—naturally enough, I think. Mr. Kennan is an experienced diplomatist who served the United States Government with great distinction for many years, but since about 1952, what with the Soviet Government on the one hand and the Republican Party on the other, he has been out of the game. A man who is detached from the active conduct of affairs is liable to say things that men caught up in the day-to-day business of politics and diplomacy would rather he had left unsaid. 'How can we do as X tells us?' they complain. 'It would upset this, and would not fit in with that, and would involve us in the other, and anyway we have good reason to know that the other side wouldn't be interested; so the whole thing would do more harm than good. X ought to know better'. Not only political

leaders, but professional diplomatists who know and respect Mr. Kennan have been criticising his lectures along those lines—again, naturally enough. Only limited choices confront the politician or the diplomatist in his daily work; what he can do or say today is circumscribed by what he did or said yesterday, as well as by what the other fellow is doing and saying at this moment. The moment when he personally can really reappraise seldom, if ever, comes.

All the more useful, then, if the more irritating, when a diplomatist-turned-professor calls on us to remember what our alliances—the military effort and the diplomatic edifice—are really for, and to consider afresh whether the methods we are following are really suited to the ends we seek. This, rather than the propounding of some sort of 'Kennan Plan' as a ready-made alternative to the policies of the governments, is to my mind what Mr. Kennan has been doing in these six weeks. If in the course of it he finds fault with the policies of the Western governments in some respects, that cannot be helped; but what he is really concerned with is the ideas and assumptions in the mind of the general public, which form the climate in which governments move and breathe.

What, for instance, ought to be the Western response to the 'challenge', as it is called, of the sputnik? Mr. Kennan left no doubt that he thought it ought to be a more detached and a more oblique response than most governments—including the American and the Russian Governments—would think natural or possible. Mr. Khrushchev, he remarked, seemed to see international life as 'one great sporting event' in which the Russians invented and played in an interminable series of East-West competitions. Fairly clearly the American Government is not immune to this Olympic Games view of world affairs; one feature of its response has been a rather frantic effort to satisfy American feeling by getting some sort of object up into outer space in double-quick time. This is a pity. There are indications that another feature may be a new and critical approach to the American system of scientific and technical education. That will be all to the good, provided that it results in a tightening up and overhaul of American education



in a fairly broad sense, and not merely in a crash programme to turn out specialised entrants for one of Mr. Khrushchev's egg-and-spoon races.

But the sputnik was not merely a show-piece of technical virtuosity, it was also the proof (for those who needed proof) that the Russians possess an intercontinental rocket capable of hitting targets in North America. This aspect of the sputnik has called for a response of a different kind—the American decision to mount missiles of shorter ranges at a widely strung-out ring of bases within hitting distance of the Soviet Union. This is the only way they can feel confident of having an equivalent striking-power to that of the Russians in the period—it may be a number of years—until the United States has a fully effective intercontinental rocket of its own. Even this stopgap will take a year or two—perhaps more—to establish; in the meantime Western security has to rely on the keeping of strategic bombers constantly in the air, which is even more of a stopgap.

### The Missiles in Britain

Grisly though this competition is, I do not myself think that there is any course open to us in Europe but to accept the overriding needs of American security as our own. Having these new missiles with their nuclear warheads on British soil will not make any revolutionary difference to the position of this country that I can see—we shall be neither better nor worse able to defend ourselves, neither more nor less of an inviting target for Soviet retaliation than we are already. Nor do I think it matters in any vital way whether these ghastly engines—those of them that are to be based in the British Isles—are in American or British hands.

But this military response to the Russian rocket ought not to obsess the West to the point at which it throws all thoughts of the future on one side. When it comes to the distribution of nuclear weapons on the Continent of Europe, weighty political factors enter into the balance of advantage: first because none of the Continental members of Nato is a nuclear Power already—although France is planning to become one—and, second, because one of the Continental Nato countries, Germany, is itself divided between the Western and Eastern alliances and a direct object of the World Power conflict.

The stopgap measures to defend North America by putting nuclear bases in the eastern hemisphere have taken up a good deal of the attention of the Nato heads of government in Paris this week\*. Some such measures are unfortunately necessary. But they take on a different and sinister aspect, to my mind, if they involve creating an array of new nuclear powers in Europe; and it would be surprising if the Russians and their allies in Eastern Europe did not think so, too. Evidently the Americans have been thinking of the difficulty of getting some of the Continental allies to accept nuclear missile bases on their soil and not to insist on having the control of some of the weapons in their hands. Some of them may not care; as we have seen at the Nato summit meeting, there are some that would much rather not have their finger on the trigger. But if one or two do insist, then the others may feel that for the sake of equality they must insist, too.

I suppose it must be this kind of reasoning that has caused the Americans to put up the plan they have put up. We must remember that the Americans are not offering something, they are asking for something that they feel they desperately need. The next few months will see a whole series of separate negotiations between the American Government and the various European members of Nato, who will tend to want something in return for what they are giving; each of them will tend to watch what the other gets, with a view to asking for that. So that if one member—and France is an obvious possibility—gets tough, because it wants nuclear weapons in its own hands, then some of the others may get difficult, too. We might have a series of compromises in which there was one distribution for intermediate-range rockets, and another for the so-called 'tactical' nuclear weapons among the armies and air forces of the Continental allies. But nobody has managed, or so far as I can see is likely to manage, to draw an effective distinction between 'strategic' and 'tactical' atomic weapons; and so, if this sort of solution is adopted, the end-effect will probably be that the dividing-line between nuclear and non-nuclear powers will become, perhaps irretrievably, blurred. Then again, if some armies and air forces get missiles which will be

virtually useless without nuclear warheads, can we seriously suppose that they will leave it at that and not somehow contrive to get the warheads, too, in their hands? Once done, I doubt if the distribution of nuclear weapons can ever be undone.

In all this I am thinking particularly of Germany. What I am afraid of is that the West in its search for a temporary security may not only make the situation in central Europe more dangerous than it already is, but may create a situation there that we shall never be able to disentangle. In this I am echoing Mr. Kennan, who, as I said, has done us the great service of reminding us what our efforts and our alliances are really for, and of causing us to look critically at our day-to-day efforts in that light. The German Government has never said—for the record—that it actually wants its new armed forces to have nuclear weapons, but its leading men have said enough on various occasions, in public and private, to leave no doubt that they are very willing to have these weapons pressed upon them.

In a way it is understandable that Herr Strauss, the West German Minister of Defence, should want his new army and air force to have the best of everything, as he does, and that the Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, should back him up. But a good many of their countrymen look at it differently. The argument that is now unfolding in Germany is in an unexpected way the old argument about the German army all over again. What has happened is strange. With the march of military technology in the eight years since the German defence contribution was first thought of, the West German armed forces have declined into a minor factor in the military balance of power—even before they have fully come into existence. So it is possible now for the German Opposition who were against having the new army, navy, and air force at all, to accept the existence of those forces as not particularly dangerous, and not perhaps an unscalable obstacle to German unity, provided the fatal further step is not taken of arming them with nuclear weapons.

About nuclear armaments several different trains of thought and feeling are mixed up in the West German consciousness. We can be fairly sure that the decisions of the Nato conference have not cleared up their conflict. There is a normal revulsion against having these dangerous things about the place at all. The Germans can see, as well as anybody else, that nuclear missiles stationed on their soil within range of Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev would bring nuclear bombardment on them, if nothing else did, in the event of war. They have always assumed, ever since the Iron Curtain clanged down, that if a third world war did come, its principal battlefield would be Germany; however, they grew more uneasy at the prospect when the 'tactical' atomic weapons first made their appearance in American Army manoeuvres in Württemberg and Bavaria, and now they see something new again coming in sight, the placing on their soil of a weapon not to defend Germany, but to counter-attack the heart of the Soviet Union in defence of North America. As the implications sink in, the Germans are beginning to feel more exposed than ever.

### German Impatience of Pretentious Grandees

Then there is to be perceived in Germany a growing impatience of Great Power pretensions and of what are seen as Great Power illusions. The Germans lost their war; they know where they stand. Britain and France, with their colonial and Middle Eastern involvements, their obsessive desire to produce and possess atomic and hydrogen bombs for themselves, and their bad habit of going to the Germans for money to keep up a station in life which the Germans have lost the idea of trying to keep up for themselves, are talked of as pretentious grandees who will not admit that they have come down in the world. America is another matter; to Germany, as to Britain and France and indeed each individual partner in Nato, America is the Great Power on whom Western security rests. But even the Americans are beginning to lose face by the association with an endless search for a military strength that always eludes them. This is one lesson of the sputnik that has been widely drawn; it is by now generally assumed in Germany that the West has no longer any serious chance of obtaining a military superiority over the Soviet Union, however long the armaments race may last. If that is so, then it follows that the West, by accumulating military power, cannot do more than ward off the danger of war; it cannot hope to force any



political agreements on the Russians. What, then, becomes of the prospect that the present Government at Bonn, or a later West German Government in the Adenauer tradition, will succeed in getting a settlement of the German question? Dr. Adenauer's policy for a Western solution of the German question was exactly described by a phrase Mr. Kennan used in his last talk:

The cultivation of military strength as a background for an eventual settlement on our own terms and without the necessity of compromise.

If—as seems obvious—such a settlement is proving to be beyond the bounds of the possible, then the Germans face a choice—either to pursue a German settlement on other terms, by a compromise with the Russians, or to resign themselves to the division of Germany as permanent. I do not believe they will ever accept the latter choice. They may, and indeed they will have to, show patience for a number of years while the long and slow preliminaries to a compromise settlement in Germany are pursued between the Western alliance and the Russian rulers. Those preliminaries will concern all kinds of lesser causes of dispute than the German question. It is foolish to try to satisfy the Germans by putting German unity at the head of the list—especially when we do not really mean it—and then refusing to discuss other matters until the Russians have granted it. German unity will not come until the fear and acute mistrust between the Communist Governments and the Western Powers have been so far reduced that it becomes possible for the two sides to agree to separate their armies. This idea has been put up at various times as a 'plan' by different Western and Communist statesmen, whose name it has borne. But it is not a plan at all. A 'plan' must include ways and means by which the objective is to be brought about; and there is no way of separating the armies in central Europe just now. Disengagement in Germany is, as yet, no more than an aspiration.

It is, however, an aspiration that Western, like Eastern, decisions in the next few months can render a shade less remote, or perhaps infinitely more remote. As I have suggested, it would be difficult for the Americans to take the right decision alone and unaided; the Russian rocket has put them in a position in which it is not as easy for them to refuse nuclear weapons to their European allies as I must say I would like it to be. It ought to be perfectly possible for the American missiles to be stationed where they are needed without going out of American hands; and then one day, when they are needed no longer, it will be possible for the Americans to take them away again. I do not see that the present division of Germany can possibly be ended, without war, until that day comes—the 'relaxation of world tension' so often talked of, so little pursued. And it is hard to suppose that it can ever be ended, without war, if the West German Government is put in possession of weapons of annihilation.

This concern for German unity is so often used as a pious evasion that I feel it needs an excuse. The line drawn down the middle of Germany when the allied armies from West and East came to rest at the end of the war was also drawn down the middle of Europe. It is too tempting nowadays to regard the river Elbe as the Continental frontier. Mr. Kennan is one of the few men I have heard speak in English about European questions for some time past who shows signs of remembering that Europe had not only a West and an East, but a centre as well. Central Europe has been narrowed into a dividing line along which the tensions and the weapons accumulate. I think we will all breathe easier when it is allowed to widen out again, and Europe in the sense in which we used to know it can exist once more. The Western Governments should look on that still remote possibility as an end of policy, not as a danger to be guarded against.

—Third Programme

## The Closed Shop: a Conspiracy of Silence

By D. F. HUTCHISON

MUCH has already been said on the old question of the rights and wrongs of the closed shop, but it is not these that I want to discuss here. There are, of course, still those who shout the odds about dictatorship and lack of consideration for individuals in the trade unions. I know employers and other executives who become extremely emotional about this dreadful treatment of the individual—how there is no freedom for him to choose whether he should be in a trade union or not; how concerned they are to see this bullying by the group.

This point sounds very good indeed, but those who know what really takes place in industry are well aware that many of those who express such concern were themselves the people least concerned about the rights of the individual in the years before the war. Not many years ago the same executives, when asked by prospective or existing employees about their attitude towards organised labour, would generally reply 'Oh, this company is not against trade unions'. Yet woe betide the shop steward who had the temerity to express disagreement with his management. Victimisation, that 'doubletalk' word of today, was then a vivid and frequent reality.

No, it is not this form of hypocrisy that worries me so much as the hypocrisy of those who do not take a line or say one thing and do another. It is this which is now the most frequent source of trouble: witness the Rolls-Royce strike of 1956 or the recent disputes at Morris Motors. Both are situations that have arisen out of policies of trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Both are the kind of situations in which the management or the trade unions are aware that trouble is brewing but prefer to do nothing in the hope that it will all die down.

Anyone who has attended the T.U.C. or studied the record of their debates will discover that the trade union movement is officially opposed to the closed shop and prefers to have what is

described as 100 per cent. trade unionism by persuasion. This is certainly a noble aim and something which falls in line with what most of us feel to be in the democratic tradition. But what in practice takes place? First of all, organised labour starts from the premise that it is the duty of all working men to be organised, that to decide not to join a trade union makes you in some way immoral. That the only reason one might reach this conclusion was a mean one—that you wanted the benefits without paying the piper—is surely an over-simplification of the situation. The common epithets of 'scab', 'blackleg', or 'vermin' put the individual in an invidious position when coupled with phrases like 'free choice' and 'by persuasion'.

For what it is worth, my personal view of why people are not as keen as they were to join trade unions is that the movement now makes no real demand upon its members, apart from a relatively small weekly contribution. To the present generation trade unions appear too much as defenders of privilege. Young people wish, generally, to be associated with those who are somewhat iconoclastic. They are angry because we make life too easy for them. They demand more than mere guarantees against exploitation now that exploitation has in large measure disappeared. Work-people demand a share in the perplexing intellectual difficulties of reorganising 1957. It is participation, not protection, that they want. But whatever the reason, many are, to say the least, lukewarm about joining a union.

The situation of course varies from industry to industry. There are certain industries where the closed shop is established and accepted, but these industries do not cover a high percentage of organised labour. A more typical situation is that of, say, light engineering. This is where we come nearest to a conspiracy of silence, the responsibility being equally shared by management and trade unions. In such companies it is usual to have from 30 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the employees organised. Here



operates the free choice, at any rate in theory. But in the tool rooms and other skilled departments, although the management deny a closed shop and frequently the union disclaims one, the men in such departments are 100 per cent. organised. Knowing that trouble is likely to ensue if any unorganised person is engaged, the personnel department is expected to see to it that prospective employees are members of the appropriate trade union. This is an expedient which management probably believes is thrust upon them. The unions, on the other hand, even when they have accepted the theory of open shop, see to it that anyone not in a trade union, who has become employed by some oversight, is treated as an untouchable. Should this not change his mind, an approach by the shop steward to the management is inevitable. As a result, the management will, by one means or another, convince the workman that it is to everyone's interest for him to join the union or else seek work elsewhere. A few managers demur at this but, even so, if the individual stays, a stoppage of work is likely. The next significant development is the arrival of the district official of the trade union, who, though he may pay lip service to free choice, devotes most of his efforts to justifying the attitude of the men. Surely men should not be 'forced' to work with one whose attitude outrages them?

### Product of Fear

Why, one may be tempted to ask, is there hypocrisy in a management lending its weight to persuading an individual to join a trade union in a factory where no closed shop is supposed to operate? After all, has not management a responsibility to maintain and improve production? Surely it would be foolhardy to create a situation likely to result in a strike? Judged by the standards that govern management-union relations, the answer is undoubtedly 'yes'. But is this the right criterion, since clearly it is one of expediency and not of principle? I suggest it is the right short-term answer with the wrong long-term result: and fundamentally it is the product of fear.

The Communist bogey is never far removed from management thinking. They try to act in a way that will combat the growth of this prostituted creed. Management need to look farther ahead. For, to those in the industrial world who question whether the present economic system is worth while—and such persons scrutinise managements' actions with no tolerant eye—surely it is dangerous to confirm them in their belief that the ends justify the means. Confirmed Communists do not believe in democratic trade unionism. They merely exploit an organisation peculiarly suited to their ends. Managers, who themselves are frequently members of clubs and associations, ought to be aware that it is matters of principle, rather than matters of business, that attract the ordinary member to his branch. Men in reality—from whatever station in life—are nobler animals than their actions often show. Consequently managers would do well to demonstrate that in situations in which they personally are concerned they are prepared to risk short-term losses which will in the long run encourage the endeavour to follow principle. These are the kinds of issues which either strengthen or weaken morale: and high morale, as all good managers know, is essential for efficiency.

The district official, on the other hand, who condones the unofficial action of his men, should be asking himself why his members refuse to work with one who is so obviously 'Non-U'. May it not be the direct result of his own leadership? I have never heard trade union officials advocate that trade unionists should consider 'Non-U's' as respectable members of the working force. The T.U.C. pronounces its policy with righteous fervour, '100 per cent. trade unionism by persuasion', and uses none of its tremendous influence to change the attitude of the organised worker towards his unorganised brother. This brother is treated as if he were something that crawled from under stones!

If the Trades Union Congress is afraid of differences of opinion on matters of fundamental principle depicted by the kind of situation I have been discussing, I suggest their movement lacks confidence in its purpose. There are straws in the wind which I hope are disturbing trade union officialdom, because they are clearly disturbing the rank and file.

During a recent national strike called by the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions up and down the country, trade unionists of long standing approached their employers for

advice on whether to strike or not to strike. Furthermore, it was not uncommon in factories where managements had by their past behaviour shown a sincere and dignified approach towards organised labour, that the shop stewards either apologised to managements in advance of the strike, or expressed doubts as to the wisdom of calling it. These are dilemmas for trade unionists which put an undue stress upon their loyalties. Such dilemmas are in the nature of things, but the issues should be sufficiently clear for the individual to feel justified in breaking his working contract.

What I have been trying to say then is that there is an informal conspiracy on the part of the protagonists which allows a *de facto* operation of the closed shop to exist and that this is the result of methods both parties know to be anti-social, but by which both parties stand—or think they stand—to gain. Both are guilty of debasing our society.

Having said all this, I should like to make it clear what my own position is. If I were—as I have been—a factory worker, I would without any hesitation join the appropriate trade union. Any working man who does not recognise what he owes to organised labour is in my view a fool. His material position has improved out of all recognition and his place in the community has been rightfully recognised. Not only this, his voice is as powerful as any in the affairs of the nation. And it is not only the so-called working man who has benefited. Indirectly most executives in industry today owe a large measure of their freedom to contribute to industrial efficiency to the existence of a large, powerful and well-organised trade union movement.

Having said all that, however, in a full employment situation where the T.U.C. is now recognised as one of the country's most powerful institutions, one cannot help asking why they are so afraid. Why must they now abuse their privileged position by crushing the individual? Can it not with some justice be said that they are following, alas, only too closely, the path trodden by their traditional enemies, the 'bosses'? Having arisen as an inspired movement against tyranny and exploitation, against the abuse of power, are they now in any position to take the metaphorical mote out of someone else's eye? Surely the strength of the movement lies in free and active participation, free spiritually as well as economically.

And if the trade union movement seems to have lost faith in itself, it is also lack of faith which is holding managers back from being more efficient. They are unsure of themselves particularly in the difficult field of human relations. I am constantly meeting managers whose instincts are right, but whose confidence in their own ability to face organised labour is so lacking that they prefer to sidestep issues early on, until they find a situation has grown round which there is no by-pass. They make, at this stage, claims to virtue long since jilted, and at last, faced with the necessity of action, become either vindictive or seek a face-saving formula.

### Group Responsibility

The alternative to procrastination is certainly not an easy one. It is one thing for management to say it will not be intimidated into enforcing a closed shop; it is another for it to stick to its principles. For real situations are seldom simple. There are usually extraneous issues which make it easy for management to feel it is unnecessary to take a stand on the principle of the closed shop. But having once committed ourselves we shall have to keep to our decisions whatever the consequences. This will call for a considerable measure of group responsibility if management is to present a solid front.

Twenty years as a personnel officer has taught me many things, of which the most important is that men are immeasurably more alike than they are dissimilar: the same motives, the same hopes, the same strengths, and the same weaknesses. All men, I sincerely believe, carry a spark of genius within them and all also the germ of their destruction. The spark is more easily extinguished than the germ destroyed; therefore we require encouragement to fan the spark into life, and it is group responsibility—the co-operation of our associates if you like—which can provide the necessary encouragement. This co-operation is going to be more, rather than less, necessary in the next few years, since more and more marginal cases are likely to arise as staff workers decide whether to join a union or not.—*Third Programme*



# Twenty-five Years of External Broadcasting\*

By SIR IAN JACOB, Director-General of the B.B.C.

**T**HE B.B.C., on its own initiative, began a regular service of broadcasts to audiences outside Britain in 1932 when it created what was then called the Empire Service. This was the forerunner of what is now known as the General Overseas Service in English. Our first foreign language transmissions were made in Arabic for the Middle East in 1938 at the request of the Government, who wished the B.B.C. to counteract the Italian broadcasts from Bari. From then on our services extended rapidly before and during the war, and this summer we were broadcasting 569 hours a week in forty-four languages, compared with a war-time peak of about 900 hours a week.

The Corporation now broadcasts as agents for the Government, who prescribe the languages we shall use and the amount of broadcasting we shall do. It has been laid down that the B.B.C. should be in close touch with the Government and government departments so as to be fully informed of Government policy in relation to the countries to whom we broadcast. Apart from this we have been given only two instructions. The first is that the treatment of a news item for audiences abroad must not differ in any material way from its treatment for audiences at home. The second is that we should plan our programmes in the national interest. Subject to these instructions, the Corporation is entirely responsible for all its output and receives no direction from the Government or anyone else. Our task has been given to us and we are left free to carry it out to the best of our ability.

## An International Institution

The B.B.C. has become an international institution of the highest importance which holds the respect and affection of millions of people in every part of the world. In the last twelve years I have travelled in many countries, and in only one place in all my travels have I met anyone to whom the initials B.B.C. were meaningless and that was in the Customs at New York.

We are broadcasting to audiences with many different characteristics. First, we have the British abroad in every part of the world, and along with them we have people in all parts of the Commonwealth, for whom we provide not only the most valuable link but also a steady flow of programmes for rebroadcasting. Our Services provide a backbone for many local services throughout the Colonies, and many of our programmes are rebroadcast in the English-speaking Dominions.

Then we have the steadily increasing number of English-speaking foreigners. We are ourselves doing a great deal to increase the number of these through our widespread 'English by Radio' programmes. There is an immense interest throughout the world in learning English, and we are one of the most powerful of the agencies in this country who are fostering this interest. We are helping to make English the great international language.

We have, too, our friends and allies in many foreign countries, both in the free world and behind the Iron Curtain. To these we speak in their own languages. Finally, we have the people of countries whose policy is hostile to our own.

The point frequently overlooked is that broadcasting is directed to individual people in large numbers and not to governments. Our task in relation to all foreign audiences is fundamentally the same, no matter what may be their state of advancement or the nature of their government. It is to implant in the minds of these people a friendly understanding of this country and its people. It is by doing this that broadcasting is able to advance the national interest. The method of doing it is the skilled job which we have studied in every kind of situation for twenty-five years. We have built up over these years an exceedingly able and skilled staff imbued with common principles, but organised in groups whose duty it is to acquire and maintain a detailed knowledge of the particular audience to whom they

are directing their broadcasts, so as to be closely aware of how best to create the friendly interest we seek. Their duty also is to be closely in touch with what is going on in this country, not only in government circles but in industry, in culture and the arts, and in the general life of the country.

In doing our work we have to remember, first, that broadcasting is a long-term business. Principles and practices employed must stand the test of time. Secondly, one cannot assume that broadcasts designed for a particular audience will not be heard elsewhere. In a world-wide service like ours, great numbers of people in many parts of the world can hear at least two Services, and as the knowledge of languages, particularly of English, increases they can compare what is said in one Service with what is said in another. In many parts of Europe they can also compare our external Services with our domestic Services. A world-wide service of this nature must be consistent.

Finally, we have to remember that the reputation, standing, and integrity of the B.B.C. and its Services are matters of the highest importance, and are a vital factor in the success of the task that we have to carry out on behalf of this country.

Bearing these considerations in mind we have to ask ourselves what means are likely to be effective in achieving our aim. Much muddled talk goes on in which words like 'propaganda' and 'selling Britain' are loosely used. These can be misleading phrases or slogans unless they are carefully analysed in relation to the job in hand. We have had to broadcast to audiences in enemy countries and in occupied countries during a full-scale war. We have had to deal with the problems of local war and cold war. We have had to cope with aggressive nationalism and with racialism. In all these different situations it is essential to consider the background against which our broadcasts are going to be heard by the audience in question. We have to consider their state of knowledge, their access to other information. We have to know what they are being told from other sources. We have to know the state of mind of people, some of whom may be living under a grinding tyranny or who have no opportunity whatever for travelling outside their own countries. Elsewhere we have to interest audiences who have free access to information and who are living full and varied lives.

All these factors have to be carefully assessed in deciding how to make ourselves intelligible, how to make our broadcasts interesting and useful, and how to make them carry conviction. Each audience presents its special problems, and our different Services, while they must be entirely consistent with one another in their facts, have to be made up and presented individually.

## Principles of Universal Application

Having said this, there are some principles, we believe, which are of universal application. Before stating these I would like to say a word about some others who have operated, or are operating, in the same field.

It is interesting to read in *Mein Kampf* the principles adopted by the German propaganda organisation, as described by Hitler. Curiously enough, he states that he had learnt these principles by studying the very effective British propaganda in the first war. Most of his deductions from his study were erroneous and reflect his own distorted mind. To summarise his ideas, he advocates the entirely one-sided presentation of facts, the use of the Big Lie, the complete suppression of anything adverse or inconvenient and the appeal purely to the emotions and never to the intellect. These ideas seem also to underlie the greater part of the work done by the Communist world and, more lately, they seem to have been adopted by the Voice of the Arabs.

All these propaganda machines have had some measure of

(continued on page 1069)

\* Shortened version of a speech made to the Royal United Service Institution in London



# The Listener

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## The Old Year

TIME flashes by. How many people would care to confront one of those general knowledge papers which some of our learned contemporaries publish at this time of the year if they were devoted exclusively to the events of 1957? Home work is needed first. Then, after the subject has been 'got up', the temptation is to compose a light-hearted pastiche. When did the International Geophysical Year begin? What famous film actress, married to a prince, had a baby? To which curious post was Mr. Molotov, once the *eminence grise* of the Soviet Foreign Office (and by some thought to have been the inventor of the word 'No'), appointed and when? Which famous professor of history dared to criticise another equally famous professor of history and why? Which celebrated British actress ventured to march, wearing a mackintosh, at the head of a procession, to Trafalgar Square? Of such strands was the public life of the Old Year made.

In January a year ago we were still absorbed in a Middle Eastern crisis and were welcoming a tragic party of Hungarian refugees to this country. The 'Eisenhower doctrine' was proclaimed, and petrol rationing, which had suddenly reappeared, as suddenly disappeared. Throughout much of the year Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin were occupied in writing Notes, which had to be answered. Though the consequences of the change in the balance of power in the Middle East and of the Hungarian tragedy are still with us, they may seem to have been thrust to the background by the launching of the Russian sputniks and the agonised rethinking at Nato. Already before this the reshaping of the British Armed Services had been announced. Yet such is the incorrigible optimism of human nature that jokes about rockets and Highland regiments' trousers were unavoidable. Ghana and Malaya became independent. Dr. Adenauer was re-elected as usual, and, as usual, the French took a long time to find a Prime Minister. At home strikes took place in the spring in two major industries, while in the summer a stoppage at Covent Garden upset London's greengrocers. Financial crisis followed in the autumn—and now every newspaper reader knows what goes on when the Bank rate is raised. In June the Rent Bill was passed and still is a matter of controversy.

To turn from politics to culture. We had to record with regret the death of two great artists in different fields, Toscanini and Dr. Gilbert Murray. The Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to M. Albert Camus, but it was an undistinguished year for books, though the angry young men remained pretty angry. We celebrated centenaries of Robert Blake and William Blake, who must not be confused with each other. The B.B.C. introduced Network Three and fluttered a few doves with its new pattern of sound broadcasting. It also celebrated the twenty-first year of its television service and the twenty-fifth of its external broadcasting, besides beginning its television service for schools; so it was a busy year in the Corporation. We wish our readers good listening, good viewing, good reading, and goodbye to everything in the past they would prefer to forget.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Nato conference

THE NATO COUNCIL CONFERENCE, which issued its concluding *communiqué* on December 19, dominated commentaries from both east and west. Just as the *communiqué* itself spoke both of the readiness of the Nato leaders to negotiate with Russia, and of their resolution to achieve effective military strength, so commentators variously stressed these twin themes according to their varying opinions.

The major theme in broadcasts from Moscow was the contrast between the aggressive plans allegedly being advocated by the United States at the Nato meeting, and the proposals in the Bulganin letters. Western newspapers favouring renewed east-west negotiations were extensively quoted. On December 17, the second day of the conference, a Soviet home broadcast predicted that it would end in failure, achieving only 'the issue of a demagogical *communiqué*, long ago prepared by the United States propaganda machine', which would serve as a screen to conceal 'not only the aggravating contradictions' within Nato, 'but also the U.S. plans to turn West Europe into an American atom *place d'armes*'. On the same day Soviet listeners were told in a broadcast quoting *Pravda's* correspondent in Paris that President Eisenhower's speech was an attempt to 'reconcile the irreconcilable'—

to reassure the public that the U.S.A. does not close the door to peace moves, will maintain the atmosphere of international mistrust with attacks on the socialist States, and, finally, will bring pressure to bear on those Nato members who oppose U.S. military plans which could turn West Europe into an atomic grave-yard.

The broadcast went on to contrast M. Spaak's speech in favour of rejecting Mr. Bulganin's proposal of an atom-free zone in central Europe with the Norwegian Prime Minister's speech advocating further examination of it. The conclusion drawn was:

It is difficult to expect any important decision from this meeting, since representatives of fifteen countries with fifteen different points of view will be speaking. . . . The main issue is: Do the Western Powers intend to open the way to fresh negotiations with Russia?

British listeners were told that the true meaning of President Eisenhower's speech was:

America's allies, and Britain above all, must renounce national sovereignty for the sake of America's military designs. . . . The establishment of rocket missile bases in Europe means handing over to the U.S. atomaniacs the sovereign right of every nation to decide questions of war or peace.

The Soviet home audience was told that the stand taken by the Danish, Norwegian, Belgian, and Canadian Prime Ministers was due to 'the tremendous impact made by the new Soviet proposals upon wide circles of world public', which saw in them 'a way out of the impasse in which the "policy of strength" has landed the Atlantic countries'. The broadcast added that the allies have mutinied against the United States policy of stationing U.S. rocket and atomic bases in West Europe.

East German broadcasts described Dr. Adenauer's speech as 'a hypocritical manoeuvre'. Both he and Mr. Eisenhower had, in their speeches, 'reached the limit of hypocrisy'. After trying to set alarmed public opinion at rest, 'they once more returned to their wolf-like activity'. The interest shown in the Bulganin message was nothing but camouflage to cloak the transformation of all Nato countries into United States nuclear rocket bases.

A Warsaw broadcast described the speeches by President Eisenhower and M. Gaillard as 'moderate'. A Yugoslav broadcast called President Eisenhower's speech

very moderate in tone and less devoted to the military aspects of the Atlantic community than to the prospects of finding a so-called honourable and just peace.

From the U.S.A. the *New York Herald Tribune*, in an article while the conference was in session, was quoted as saying:

The biggest threat to the conference is a spirit of neutralism, which is beginning to infect some of the staunchest defenders of the free world.



# Did You Hear That?

## DOLLS THROUGH THE AGES

'DOLLS', said GORDON HAND in Network Three, 'go back several thousand years. There are, in the British Museum, Egyptian dolls nearly 3,000 years old, and Greek dolls with hinged arms; and one has a string from the head, in order to operate it like a puppet. Plutarch tells the story of his daughter's doll, and how, when the children grew up and married—at fourteen—they dedicated their dolls and presented them to the Temple.

'Since then, dolls have been made of every conceivable material:

wood, rags, ivory, wax, *papier-maché*, hard china, leather, rubber, and even gingerbread and dough—and I actually have a seventeenth-century Augsburg silver doll which has a complicated mechanism to make the head, legs, arms, and even the eyes, move.

'Most of the earlier European ones were made of wood or wax, the latter being first made in solid wax, in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Later, a fine thin wax was used, and, later still, wax on *papier-maché* or a similar composition base. Many dolls were made by craftsmen, in their own material, for their own children. So we have the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century wooden dolls made by carpenters. These have rather large heads, rouged cheeks, real hair wigs and are often in their original clothes.

'As dolls are little girls' playthings, most of them are female, but occasionally one finds a male doll. This, however, is more often than not only a lady-doll with the amateur addition of a beard and moustache.

'As children of the eighteenth century were dressed in exactly the same style of clothes as their parents, naturally all the really old dolls look like grown-up people. Baby dolls, as we know them today, were not known before about 1840, and this innovation is credited to Madame Montanari, a member of that famous family of wax-doll makers in London, which greatly helped to make England noted for wax dolls. She made the finest ones I have ever seen, about 1860. In the Montanari dolls each human hair was individually inserted into the scalp and eyebrows with a hot needle.

'Beady, glass-eyes, usually dark brown, are deeply inserted in the wooden dolls from the Charles II period, and are a great feature of all the Georgian dolls. About 1825 the eyes were made to open and shut at will, by a wire lever on the waist of the wax models. Later one finds the French Jumeau and Bru dolls, with their wistful eyes with well-defined irises and pupils, made by the same type of process as the valuable glass paperweights at

the glass factories at Bristol and Baccarat. Later still, one finds what are known as "flirting" and "winking" eyes, and, finally, the balanced-weight eyes. Blue eyes are far rarer than brown ones'.

## THE AMERICAN RED INDIAN TODAY

What has happened to the Red Indians? DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. correspondent, tried to answer this question in 'From Our Own Correspondent'.

'What American Indians think', he said, 'when they turn on their television sets and hear the brave warrior say, "Me Chief Wigwam, scalp plenty Paleface", is not known. Neither is it known how many Indians have television sets or indeed how many Indians there are. My authority for this lack of knowledge is the United States Bureau of Indian Affairs whose Great White Father, more formally known as the Commissioner, no longer summons the chiefs to pow-wow in Washington, but goes to them whenever he can, while his bureau administers the affairs of about 300 Indian tribes and groups who are living on reservations.

'In 1950 the Bureau of Census claimed to have counted some 350,000 Indians on these reservations and may

well have done so, but so many Indians have left the reservations or inter-married that the Bureau of Indian Affairs has given up and says flatly that there is no standard definition of the term "Indian". In law they are just plain Americans enjoying, if that is the word, on the reservations, a somewhat unusual status.

'Most Americans tend to forget, if ever they think about it, that the Indians were here first. A rather belligerent American lady became startled when, asking me in an accusing voice if I were a foreigner, I enquired in return if she were a Red Indian. It has been said that an American Indian reservation is a piece of land inhabited by Indians and surrounded by thieves, and much of the history of America's dealings with its Indian minority was a continuing story of depriving it economically and socially.

'Nowadays the reservation Indians are protected by the Secretary of the Interior who ensures in general that no Indian who owns land can lose it to the first business man to come along, a type of individual who has exchanged his wide-brimmed hat and rows of beads for a cheque-book and a legal contract. The United States is holding some 50,000,000 acres in trust for individual Indians and tribes and while a whole lot of it is strictly desert and cactus much of it is valuable for agriculture or grazing, while vast areas contain oil, natural gas, uranium, lead or zinc.



Early Georgian wooden doll with glass eyes and original clothes, made in England, about 1730; and, right, French Jumeau doll with bisque head, swivel neck, well defined glass eyes, and kid, jointed body. This is a 'fashion doll' made about 1880; they were often sold with miniature trunks full of Parisian clothes



French automaton clown with music box, about 1850: it plays the mandolin, nods, bows, taps its feet and puts out its tongue  
From the collection of Mr. Gordon Hand



'The lot of the Indian himself varies from reservation to reservation. Many are almost impossibly poor, others are extravagantly rich, but in general there is a disturbingly high percentage of poverty accompanied by abominable housing conditions, a high rate of infant mortality and a low life expectancy because of infectious disease of which tuberculosis is a major killer. In fact, to quote the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the prevailing conditions are often similar to those found throughout the United States fifty or even seventy years ago. Thousands of Indian children have no schooling because there are no schools to go to. The raising of these standards is a main task of the Federal Government, which this year alone is spending \$99,000,000 on Indian schools, housing and health.

'I have driven across Arizona and through New Mexico, through Navajo country: the dust and the scrub of the bare red-brown mountains where, away from the showcase of the glittering cities, the Navajos live in windowless mud huts by the sides of the road or in caves in the hills. The high-powered cars swish past the men and women on their donkeys and blow up the dust around bare-footed, scabrous children who trot alongside. In the small white-washed towns and along the roads souvenir shops are open for business. Gaily coloured rugs made by Navajos in oriental designs—the traditional Indian designs are not liked by tourists—sell in the shops for four or five times what the weaver in his mud hut gets for making them. Out in the desert a group of Indians sat by the railway lines stretching into the haze and the cactus. "Are those Indians, too?" my small son asked sadly. Drab, black, shapeless dresses and suits, shawls and hats pulled down to their chins, all fast asleep, heedless of the trans-continental express which every now and again fails to see them and does not stop: a dismal bundle of people in the hot desert. These were part of the Navajos. There are many other tribes, like the Cheyenne, the Apache, the Cherokee, the Sioux, and the Crow, some once warlike, now all peaceful, but still providing the United States, as in recent major wars, with some of its most distinguished heroes'.

### THE ROEDEER OF THE BORDER COUNTIES

'There are only two true, native wild deer in this country: they are the red deer and the roedeer', said HENRY TEGNER in 'The Northcountryman'. 'Other kinds which now inhabit these islands have, at some time or other, been imported into this country by man. Even the fallow deer, which is the deer one sees in the majority of parks in Britain, was originally brought to Britain by either the Romans or the Phoenicians.

'The roe is the smallest of the wild deer of the British Isles, and surely the most beautiful. I have heard them described as "gazelle-like". It is an apt description. Graceful, swift, and supple, they are the embodiment of wild activity. The bucks average a height of thirty inches at the shoulder. In summer roedeer have a bright, foxy-red coat. In winter it is a dull grey. The roedeer is mainly a woodland creature, and in contrast with other species they prefer to live in little family parties rather than in herds.

'Today there are probably more of them in this country than there have ever been for many hundreds of years—particularly in the English and Scottish border counties. The main reason for this is the great forests which now exist in this area. The planter of forests is very often the roedeer's most persistent persecutor but, oddly enough, once the forester's trees have grown, the woodlands he has created become sanctuaries for them. Another reason why they have increased during the present century is that there are not as many keepers about as there used to be. Keepers generally used to destroy roe because of their alleged destructiveness to young trees and agriculture.

'Remarkably few good photographs have ever been taken in

this country of wild roe. Our wild life photographers have produced excellent pictures of red deer, otters, badgers, foxes, and other wild British animals, but practically none of roedeer. Here surely is scope for someone who knows how to use a camera'.

### WINTER IN ENGLAND

'Lucky I am', said PAUL MAHER in a General Overseas Service talk. 'It was winter when I arrived in England. But I stayed at once with an English family, and I must say they could not have been nicer. In the evening we all sat round the fire and played cards. It was nine-thirty before we were interrupted by the first draught. It caught mine host. "I can feel it right down my back", he said. "Is the cellar door closed?" His wife assured him it was, and we carried on with the game. We were playing rummy, with seven to go out, and I had five when the next wind struck. This time it took the lady, well up on the right shoulder. "There is a draught", she said, "I just felt it. Did you feel anything, Mr. Maher?" I had felt nothing, but I did not want to be awkward. "Perhaps I did. I'm not quite sure".

'Yet scarcely had we resumed when up jumped mine host, as though he'd been kicked by a horse. "I'm frightfully sorry", he said, "but I must track down that draught. It just got me on the ankle". And off he ran to search the place. His wife apologised. "George is so susceptible, and the house is on a corner, you know. We get every little bit of wind". In a few minutes George was back, blowing his fingers. "The wind", he announced, "is from the north-east, the worst possible direction for us".

'That put paid to the rummy. Every stick of furniture in the room was changed round. The table was hauled to within an inch of the grate. I myself hung extra curtains. The lady poked paper under the French windows, and we all stoked the fire. Yet still that foul current of air we could not discover.

'I was saved by supper, and then my good friend said: "You are new to this country, so we have given you the warm bedroom. I hope it's not too stuffy". I shall never forget that bedroom. It was like walking into a bank of snow. A window was open to let in some air, and a thin fog eddied about like steam. The bed lay in one corner, exquisitely draped, but looking as cold as a fish-monger's slab. I tore off my clothes in three swift movements, hauled back the blankets, and dived in. My back struck a piece of mad-hot iron and I reared up like a wild cat. "I've been filleted", I cried, "my spine is out! Surely", I told myself, "they wouldn't be careless enough to leave the top of the stove in". Finally, with infinite precautions, I drew back the blankets.

'The thing lay about halfway down the bed, a shiny metal cylinder, serrated at the edges. I had never seen anything like it. It had a sort of screw top jutting out, and through this it regarded me with mild contempt, as much as to say, "Make up your mind, old man. If you're not coming in then cover me up". And then I noticed it wasn't moving. "Whatever it is", I said, "it's dead. I'll touch it lightly with my fingers". And I stretched out my right hand, and gave the side of it a flick. The heat was intense, but it did make a gurgling sound. "Sure 'tis full", I said, "of water. It's some sort of kettle they've left behind".

'I learned later it was a hot-water bottle. I have seen them since, of course, but nothing quite the same. This one seemed to have a life of its own. Every time I touched it we both leapt like two trout. In the end I muffled it in a pillow-case, and sank into a fitful sleep.

"I hope", said my English friend next morning, "I hope and trust you had a good night. It turned mild, and we were only just saying how close that room can be". "It wasn't too close for me", I said. "I found it airy enough". But his wife seemed concerned. "When next you come", she assured me, "it will be better. We're having a fan put in".





# 'Chance' and Joseph Conrad

By GRAHAM HOUGH

LET me begin by quoting a scrap of dialogue:

'I should call it the peace of the sea', said Mr. Charles Powell in an earnest tone, but looking at us as though he expected to be met by a laugh of derision.

'A very good name', said Marlow looking at him approvingly.

'A sailor finds a deep feeling of security in the exercise of his calling. The exacting life of the sea has this advantage over the life of the earth, that its claims are simple and cannot be evaded'.

'Gospel truth', assented Mr. Powell. 'No! they cannot be evaded'.

This comes from the opening pages of *Chance*. Mr. Powell is of course a retired sailor, and so is Marlow, and they are paving the way to acquaintanceship by uttering sentiments on which both are agreed. But coming as it does early in the first chapter, with its suggestion of simple, large-scale ethical statement, one rather expects this conversation to strike a note that will echo throughout the book. Why otherwise should it be there? However, the note is not sustained. The narrator who reports this dialogue is on a cruising holiday with Marlow. They meet Mr. Powell by chance at a small Thames-side inn. Mr. Powell tells them the story of his first voyage as second officer. By chance Marlow had heard of the ship *Ferndale* and its master, Captain Anthony, under whose command Powell sailed. Marlow in fact had known Captain Anthony's sister and brother-in-law, a couple called Fyne, and had become transiently involved in their affairs.

From this point the tale deserts Mr. Powell and the Thames-side setting, which turns out to have been only an introduction, and follows the Fyne household—not even the Fynes themselves, but the fortunes of a girl who happened to be staying with them at the time Marlow knew them. *Chance* is in fact her story and that of Captain Anthony, the sailor brother of Mrs. Fyne, who runs off with the girl from the Fynes' house and marries her.

## Three False Trails

Conrad's manner of winding his way into his story is always extraordinarily indirect one, and in this introduction we have, as it seems to me, three false trails. The first is the title itself—*Chance*. There is, it is true, a good deal of chance about the meeting with Mr. Powell, his mention of the *Ferndale*, the fact that Marlow knew something of the story of Captain Anthony, and so forth. But after that, when the tale really gets under way, there is no more chance about it than about the plots of most novels. The suggestion of some fated coincidence is hardly more than a preliminary flourish. Secondly, this intricate introduction with multiple narrations (very skilfully managed, by the way) seems to promise a more complex and many-sided mode of apprehension than the book actually affords. It is not, for instance, the prelude to a complex way of presenting character and situation through several different visions, as it might be in Henry James. The plot, when it unfolds, though strikingly original (I know nothing else remotely like it) is in fact seen in a fairly simple light, in spite of the elaboration of the machinery. Third, the passage about the simple and inescapable claims of the sea turns out to have no particular relevance to the plot of this book, though it is of course a theme that keeps recurring in Conrad, more markedly in other books.

It is for reasons of this kind that Conrad the novelist still seems to leave us with a number of puzzling questions. An elaborate array of narrative and suggestive devices does not lead quite where we expected. What sort of writer is he, where is the centre of his work, what is the key to his sensibility? But key is not the right word, for it suggests something that could be opened like a piece of mechanism, while the mystery of Conrad is rather something that needs illuminating, like a scene in deep shadow. Mr. Forster has spoken of a central obscurity in Conrad, inspiring half a dozen great books, appearing to promise some philosophic statement about the universe but never making it. Ought we to

go on trying to make deductions about this cryptic and unspoken pronouncement; or are we to conclude, as Mr. Forster does, that it is not really there, even implicitly; and try to approach Conrad in another way? Are we, for example, to accept the popular view? In the popular view there is no mystery about Conrad at all; he is simply the great novelist of the sea and the exotic—the coral isle, the lion-coloured sand'. He himself disliked and repudiated this sort of reputation; he hated to be thought a writer of sea stories.

## A Male World

But the popular view of any writer, though it may be right or wrong, adequate or inadequate, is always worth looking at. It always points to something important; and here I think it points to a good deal more than the fact that many of Conrad's characters are sailors and many of his stories set on ships. The sea setting goes very deep into his sensibility, and so does the element of exoticism and romantic adventure. It is an essential part of the experience of reading Conrad that we are moving in, strange, remote, only half-understood regions, and in an element where intrigue, violence, and physical danger are always present or threatening. The more sophisticated alternative view is to play down this side of the novels, to see only the moral and spiritual perils, to see Conrad as the analyst of obscure psychological compulsions, difficult and tormented decisions. The sea and the exotic settings then become only accidental; the heart of Conrad is in much the same place as that of many another novelist.

I do not think that this last attitude represents our spontaneous, immediate reaction to Conrad. His work is not easy to assimilate to the central tradition of the novel, and, if we are not bullied about it, we are apt to feel that he is in some ways a special case. Let me mention some of the obvious ways. In the first place, his is largely a male world. Of course, he has many women characters, and in some of the books they are meant to carry a great deal of weight. But they are seldom among his most successful creations. (I would make an exception of Mrs. Verloc in *The Secret Agent*.) They are usually seen more indirectly and remotely than the male characters, and are studied less for their own sakes than for their effect in evoking special loyalties and devotions in men. One might add that Conrad has a largely male public too. In my experience few women really enjoy Conrad, and this is not only because the feminine sensibility so often ceases to function at the mere mention of a topsail halyard, but because the characteristic concerns and occupations of the woman's world play such a small part in Conrad's work.

## Writer in a Foreign Language

Again, Conrad writes as a foreigner in a language not his own. This is always mentioned, but after some thought I have come to the conclusion that it had no very fundamental effect on his style. It does, of course, produce a good many surface peculiarities. Conrad learnt French before he knew English, and he remained always addicted to some curious Gallicisms. I read in *Nostromo* 'Three men were arrested on the road'; only to discover a few lines later that they had not been arrested at all, since they are galloping away on their horses. It then dawned on me that what Conrad had intended to convey was not that they were arrested, but merely that they had stopped. These are surface matters, however, and apart from occasional strangenesses of idiom the general run of Conrad's prose remains convincingly and splendidly English, based, as we know it was, on a long study of the English classics.

But the fact that he writes as a foreigner does nevertheless mean something else of great importance. It means that he is never dealing with a society where he is completely at home, where he has a natural, instinctive, inbred knowledge of background, manners, and relationships. It means that he hardly ever writes



of the primary and universal social organism, the family. He had no particular fixation on his own youth, and he left Poland too early to bring with him any wide knowledge of its life; a sailor sees the world, but his glimpses of it are notoriously transitory and superficial; and Conrad's later years in England were so much devoted to the mysteries of his craft that they brought him very little into relation with the normal fabric of English society. This means that almost all settings have for him an element of the exotic; many of them are strange to his readers, but all are in some degree strange to him; and in this respect the popular view of his work as a series of travels among unknown men is more than a superficial one.

### Novelist of Isolation

This is a heavy handicap for a novelist to bear. One legitimate reason for reading a novel is for the insight it gives into a particular way of life—the terms on which life was actually lived in a particular place at a particular time. This motive has been unfashionable of late years, but it will come back into its own for it is an essential part of the pleasure of the novel. Some of the greatest triumphs of the novel have been in the portrayal of an organic society, intimately known, felt by the writer in his bones before the operation of conscious thought begins—Tolstoy's Russia, Flaubert's France, Dickens' England. That immense source of strength is denied to Conrad, and he has to find something to replace it. His most typical, central solution to the problem is to turn to the study of solitude. All his great characters are solitaires. It has often been said, and he has virtually said it himself: he is pre-eminently the novelist of isolation—the moral isolation of Razumov; the different isolation of the ship's captain, alone with his responsibility; the literal isolation of Heyst on his island, Heyst who is isolated anyway, with or without companions, by the spiritual regimen he has imposed upon himself. Some variant of this situation is central to all Conrad's novels.

But the novelist cannot work in this mode alone. Of all writers he is the most implicated with society and the social bonds. And there is only one kind of society that Conrad had ever known intimately, had fully participated in as an adult human being—the society of a ship at sea. I do not think that we can find anywhere in Conrad a group of people bound together by the normal customary bonds into a living community, except in the stories of the sea: *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *The Shadow Line*, *Typhoon*, *Youth*, and the latter part of *Chance*. So when the common reader persists in thinking of Conrad as a writer of sea stories it is for a good reason: it is because it is only in the sea stories that he finds the sense of an organised nexus of social relations, to which he is accustomed both in the novel and in life.

Those who are unpersuaded by this argument will at once want to point to *Nostromo*, that splendid panorama of a whole country, with all its variety of ranks, races, and trades, its numerous group of private lives entangled in a great intricate net of political intrigue. *Nostromo* is often held to be Conrad's masterpiece, and certainly it merits all the tributes that have been paid to its magnificent orchestration, its complexity and breadth, and its moving close. But I am unwilling to see it as Conrad's greatest success. I cannot avoid the feeling that the whole thing is something of a *tour de force*, that Sulaco, the turbulent South American state, is mainly a splendid piece of scene-painting. We are dazzled by its atmosphere and its colour, but we are not soaked in it, impregnated by it, as we are by the settings of some of the great large-scale novels by other writers with which *Nostromo* has tacitly been equated. We do not live in Sulaco as we live in Tolstoy's St. Petersburg, Flaubert's Normandy, or Lawrence's Eastwood.

### Unengaging Characters

Nor can I feel that, until the very end, we care for what happens to the characters—the Goulds, the Avellanos, Decoud, *Nostromo* himself—with anything like the intensity that we feel for some of Conrad's other personages—for Lord Jim, for Captain MacWhirr, for Heyst and Lena, or for Flora de Barral. And if anyone wishes to raise an eyebrow at this concern with a living scene and characters with whom we feel emotionally engaged, if anyone wishes to suggest that these are naive criteria for the

novel, I shall remain wholly unimpressed, for I believe they are of its essence.

And now to return to *Chance*. Marlow relates the story of his brief connection with the Fynes and their unlucky girl-friend. Marlow meets the girl herself, and most of her past life is related to him by Fyne. But I do not think that these several narrations really allow us to see her in varied lights. They are frameworks round the tale, not authentically separate viewpoints. Flora de Barral is the unhappy daughter of a fraudulent financier. She has been brought up in a luxurious physical and moral loneliness, by a cold and treacherous governess. This woman, when the father's fantastic affairs finally crash, subjects her to a hideously cruel and sudden attack, denounces her father to her as a swindler and a criminal, pours out on the child all her revenge, hatred, and disappointed scheming. At this critical point in her life the Fynes befriend her; and for years afterwards; but she has been so deeply wounded that she has lost all confidence in herself and others, and has withdrawn into silence and inaccessibility.

The Fynes are an extremely lively piece of characterisation—she a good, solemn, and responsible civil servant, she an equally solid and solemn professional feminist. There is absolutely nothing wrong with the placing of these characters. Conrad has observed, understood, and portrayed by an excellent method. Yet somehow the absence of real intimacy of which I have spoken is always felt: the Fyne household lives in the mind with only a far-away and intangible reality. Perhaps this is appropriate, for all is subordinated to a single moral effect—the appalling isolation, the unbearable loneliness, of Flora, emotionally ravished in adolescence and never able to emerge from her state of dumb shock. The picture of her desolation and her humiliations is built up with fragments of narrative by Fyne and Mrs. Fyne, observations and surmises by Marlow, scenes, fragments of scenes, glimpses, guesses, all contributing to the establishment in the reader's mind of the figure of Flora, as a being whose feelings 'had been trampled in the dirt out of all shape'.

### Several Removes from Actuality

It is handled, as far as the sheer machinery is concerned, with immense technical assurance; yet there is a slightly disturbing sense of being kept at a remove, or rather several removes from the actuality. A reconstruction by Marlow of a scene described to him by Mrs. Fyne, who herself has only had a report of it from Flora's uncle is not the same thing as a direct vision of Flora as an acting and suffering being. The requirement is to present Flora's life after the crash, in the house of odious relations; and I believe that this elaborate series of outworks is necessary simply because Conrad has not the specific, intimate knowledge of the cross-currents in a dreary lower-middle-class family to portray it direct; and being the scrupulous artist that he is, he sets his subject at a distance, and relates it through a medium which he knows how to handle.

This part of the story reaches its climax at the point where de Barral, the disgraced father, is due to be released from his term of penal servitude, and the hopelessness of Flora's situation is at its most intense. At this point Captain Anthony, Mrs. Fyne's sailor brother, makes his appearance, falls in love with the girl and carries her off. I put this briefly in a sentence, because in fact we never see this process taking place. We are made clearly aware of the emotional essence of the situation. It is that Flora, after years of cruelty, indifference, or impersonal kindness, suddenly finds herself loved, and, hardly able to believe it, finds an escape from her intolerable loneliness. From the little we have heard of Captain Anthony up to now, and from all we know of Flora, this is a sufficiently astonishing development; yet we learn of it all in a curiously hypothetical way—largely through speculations of Marlow's about what must have happened, on the basis of one conversation with Flora after she has gone away. Such are the elaborate indirections of the method that this great central episode cannot be presented at first hand.

This is often so in Conrad; for all Marlow's ubiquity there are many, and many of the most important, scenes at which he could not possibly have been present. We are convinced, touched, impressed, as we may well be, by the report and interpretation of a thoughtful intermediary; but we do not *see*. In Henry James' sense the thing is hardly 'rendered', any more than the scene



with the governess was 'rendered' in the earlier part of the book. And I believe this to reflect the fact that Conrad's knowledge of what would occur in such circumstances, indeed in many of the relations between man and man, and man and woman, is curiously external and remote. Not, of course, his psychological knowledge, his understanding of an emotional reality; it is simply that his knowledge of circumstantial detail, detail of speech and social relationships, is not intimate enough to allow some of these critical scenes to be presented otherwise than deviously and indirectly. Where we need a scene in clear daylight we have a dissolving vista of hints and suggestions. This I believe is the main cause of the obscurity in Conrad that has worried Mr. Forster.

### A Tale in Two Parts

But *Chance* is a tale in two parts; and the second part is set on the sea, on board the *Ferndale*. This second part pursues the fortunes of Captain Anthony; Flora, by now his wife; and the repulsive, broken de Barral whom they have taken to sea with them on his release from prison. Captain Anthony, with characteristic single-mindedness, has taken de Barral at Flora's valuation and offered him sanctuary on his own ship. The situation is one of agonising strain. Flora is obliged to devote herself to the service of her repulsive father, who is virtually insane, filled with suspicion against Captain Anthony, and wholly ignorant of his true position. Captain Anthony, who loves the girl and has taken in the father from an impulse of pure devotion, has also been injured in youth. He finds it hard to believe that he is loved, and Fyne has blunderingly told him that Flora can only have turned to him in desperation. He accepts this view, places himself simply as Flora's protector, and refuses to press his claims upon her any further. And Flora remains an enigma; even less than before are we allowed inside her consciousness.

As before, we follow the narrative through the eyes of others. But the others are now different. The mechanics of the transition are ingenious enough. Marlow persists in keeping in touch with Mr. Powell, the retired sailor of the introductory scene, and gets from him the story of his first voyage on the *Ferndale*—which was also the second voyage of Captain Anthony as a married man. This part of the tale is told by Marlow, freely elaborating and interpreting the account of Mr. Powell: no different in narrative method, then, from the earlier part of the book. Nor is the essential material offered by the situation very different, except that it is multiplied by three—there are now three lonelinesses to be portrayed.

But somehow the quality of the novel seems to have changed. We cease to remember the intermediaries through whose consciousness the material has passed. We live on board the *Ferndale* as we never lived in the Fynes' house. And the reason I think is simple—we are now on board a ship. Not only Marlow and Mr. Powell but Conrad himself understand every detail of the *Ferndale*, not only physical and operational but social as well. Conrad knows how a first officer is related to his ship and its captain, how that relation is upset by the introduction of a captain's wife; what a steward and a steward's wife might be able to see of it all; how a young second officer, newly joined, might impinge on the situation. The moral imagination of a great novelist Conrad always has; if he had not we should hardly be discussing him now. But his moral imagination often works not exactly in a void but in a world insufficiently realised, insufficiently dense, without all the manifold small pressures that go to make up life as it is lived. Here in the *Ferndale* the density, the actuality, the sense of living in a physical and social world with its own peculiar quality and flavour is triumphantly present.

So the true greatness of the latter half of the book is able to realise itself more fully; a greatness which consists in the piled-up sense of emotional incomprehension, of solitude and strain; in the splendid peripeteia, almost melodramatic, by which the strain is resolved; and the immense flooding current of generous release, far more than a conventional happy ending, in which even Mr. Powell comes ultimately to be included.

Here I wish to return to a slightly more sophisticated version of the common judgement that Conrad is a great novelist of the sea and the exotic. This denouement could only have been fully realised by him on a ship, for this was the only social order in which he was fully at home. The alternative would have been a

setting up some Malayan river, on some tropical island, or in some extraordinary revolutionary or conspiratorial group—at any rate in some environment where he is released from the necessity of portraying the detailed pressures of a normal shore-based social life which he did not deeply understand and was not deeply interested in.

Here we can perhaps find a place after all for the pronouncement about the simple claims of the sea. It expresses a need for simplification that was vital to Conrad. The complexities of his narrative method are, as it were, layers of protective covering to an essentially simple heroic vision. This fits Captain Anthony well enough; he is primarily a man of such simple and absolute loyalties; it is his dilemma, almost his tragedy, that he is in a situation where integrity of this kind seems bound to be insufficient. But it does turn out to be sufficient after all. Straightforward obedience to what seems to him a simple and inescapable demand does manage to cut through the hateful tangle in which he and his wife are involved. It is characteristic of Conrad that he should see this kind of integrity most plainly in the form of fidelity to a craft—the demands that seamanship makes extended to the whole of life.

Kipling does the same sort of thing, and if it seems inappropriate to introduce Kipling at this point I will add at once that Conrad does it with infinitely greater subtlety. But both see fidelity as a matter of personal honour, but personal honour incarnated in the exigencies of a profession or a craft. The second part of *Chance* is called 'The Knight'; Captain Anthony's absolute seamanlike devotion is an analogy to the code of chivalry. Working, as Conrad was, without deep national or social roots, his adoption of the code of the sea was natural for him. He sometimes extends it, and it becomes the code of the sensitive man of action. But it is never, I think, the code of a whole society, and rarely obedience to a deep instinctive pattern of behaviour. The loyalty of Conrad's heroes is almost always to something they have chosen, either as one chooses a profession or as one adopts a deliberate and conscious attitude.

For the world of Conrad's later readers, a world where customary social roots have become more and more ill-nourished, this purposeful adoption of a code has a peculiar importance. Off the ship his characters are lonely souls, and Conrad becomes the great student of isolation; but not, like some later writers, of total isolation. It is not as a natural force that the sea is of most importance to Conrad; he found in its discipline and its loyalties a bond which was able to link both him and his work with the common interests of humanity.

*Chance* is not a bad title for one of his greatest books. If it has no peculiar aptness to this particular novel, it does suggest something about his work as a whole, and his relation to it; a fortuitousness in the choice of his material, unlike the inevitability with which the Russian must write of the Russian soul, or the Englishman of the English class system. It was not chance that gave Conrad his imaginative penetration, his simplicity, his nobility of vision; but it was chance that made him a master-mariner, that cast his lot among East Indian islands, that gave him so many opportunities of insight into lonely souls in strange environments. This chance made him the great novelist of a whole tract of experience that no other writer of his stature has ever attempted to explore.—*Third Programme*

## On the Stroke of Twelve

Air leafs dead letters down,  
The phantoms of the news  
That spooked us yesterday  
With words we could not choose,  
With flesh we could not weigh.

Now we tip our thanks  
Into the sky's full cup,  
And hope the pitching birds  
Will speed—(as bells up—  
End the steeple)—these new words.

ANDREW JAMES



# A Roof for Cologne Cathedral

By MICHAEL ROSS

**L**OOKING back on my war—Hitler's war, I should say—I realise that I played a very minor, if not futile, role: scarcely a battle and certainly no heroics; hours of office work followed by months of training in the Middle East for operations in Yugoslavia. Then, when the crucial moment came to show what a gallant fellow I was, what happened? Complete anti-climax: I got jaundice and malaria at the same time, and after weeks in hospital I was sent back to England to kick my heels in an office again.

Although I was no longer fit enough to be a combatant soldier, I still wanted to go to Yugoslavia. No official war artist had ever been accredited to the partisans, and it seemed to me that with my background knowledge of the Balkans and the fact that in civilian life I am an artist, I might just conceivably be given the job. At the time I was madly optimistic about the chances of being sent there, and as I had little to do in my office, I spent most of my time mugging up the Yugoslav language.

## Serbian 'Alice in Wonderland'

One day as I was struggling with a translation of *Alice in Wonderland* into Serbian, the Chief Engineer suddenly and unexpectedly came into my office, accompanied by no less a person than General Sir Ronald Adam, then the Quartermaster General to the Forces, who was paying our H.Q. a surprise visit. I was caught off my guard and felt like a schoolboy discovered with a 'comic' hidden under his desk. I had no time to hide either *Alice* or my bulky Serbo-Croatian dictionary.

'This is Major Ross', said my chief, introducing me. 'He's only recently been posted to us'.

After the preliminary introductions, Sir Ronald approached my desk. 'What are you working on now?' he said. I tried to cover my books with papers from the 'in' tray, but Sir Ronald was too quick for me.

'Hello, what's all this?' he asked, surprised. I think he had expected to find a plan of a sewage system or something of the sort that Royal Engineer 'Works' Officers spend much of their time on. There was not much use beating about the bush, so somewhat hesitantly I explained to him why I was translating Lewis Carroll into Serbian. Sir Ronald listened with his usual politeness. Then he asked: 'Do you like your work here?'

I looked at my Chief as much as to say, 'I'm sorry, but I must say it', and blurted out, 'I'm afraid not, Sir; in fact I absolutely loathe it'.

I was rather ashamed of my outburst, but I don't think I need have been. 'I'll see what I can do for you', said Sir Ronald. 'Let me have full particulars about yourself by this evening. I'll tell Drummond-Hay, my P.A., to expect you'.

I did not go to Yugoslavia after all, but the Q.M.G. certainly kept his word. A few days later I found myself posted to S.H.A.E.F. as a Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives Officer. Then followed months of intensive work, probably the only time during the whole war when I did anything useful at all, except for one occasion, just before Dunkirk, when I had managed to stop a horse from smashing up all the furniture in my bedroom near Arras.

The Monuments and Fine Arts Officers had been selected from American and British art historians, museum and art gallery curators, and so on; there were also one or two painters and architects amongst us. Nearly all had been seconded from combatant jobs, and a jolly fine bunch of chaps they were too. Colonel, now Professor, Geoffrey Webb was our boss. I was very proud to be one of them. Our job was important. During hostilities we had to see that as little damage as possible was done to art treasures—including historic monuments—either by bombing, shelling, looting, or indiscriminate billeting. Some of us were tracking down art treasures looted by the enemy. We were spread

all over the western front and in Italy too. It was not a particularly cushy job and two of our men were killed in action.

Just before the end of the war, I was agreeably surprised to find that I was to be sent to the Rhineland. Surprised, because it was one of the richest plums, and I still do not know why someone with greater academic training was not sent there. Rhineland is full of marvellous Romanesque churches and priceless church treasures (including Charlemagne's regalia at Aachen and the tomb of the three wise men at Cologne); then there is the Wallraff-Richardt Museum, also at Cologne—a most important collection of painting and sculpture—and the Kaiser Friedrich's Gallery at Kassel, and many others. Nearly all the collections, both private and public, had been dispersed, not in any organised way as we did in this country when we put our treasures in air-conditioned slate mines at Festiniog, but higgledy-piggledy, scattered all over the country.

The work of collecting together again all this scattered treasure, of cataloguing it, of seeing that damage to it was made good, of assessing the damage to historic buildings and sorting out a hundred and one different problems, was immense. The whole province was appallingly devastated and reports said that almost the only building of historic importance left intact was Cologne Cathedral.

As soon as the fighting was over I was posted to Headquarters, British Army of the Rhine, at Düsseldorf. To begin with—and I don't blame them really—the Army of Occupation was inclined to regard a Monuments and Fine Arts Officer as a very unimportant cog in the machinery of reorganisation. I was assigned a pokey little office about the size of a cupboard, with a staff of two German girl secretaries—both of whom, I must say, proved to be marvellously efficient and keen on their job. I was also fortunate in having as my German 'opposite number' one of the greatest scholars and art historians in Europe, and a great gentleman too, Count Franciscus Wolff-Metternich.

The British officer commanding Rhineland was Brigadier Barraclough. He was a wonderful man to work with and was one of the first to appreciate the importance of our work. I am afraid I bothered him a good deal with requests for staff. 'But where can I find trained staff for you—or untrained for that matter?' he said. 'I'm doing my best, but don't expect too much'. However, I was soon given a much larger office and there was a guard set on it, for I never knew when I might not be temporarily housing a Romanesque statue of the Virgin, a Rubens, or something equally priceless.

## Depth Charges in the Rhine

One day Brigadier Barraclough sent for me to tell me that Cardinal Frings, Archbishop of Cologne and Primate of Germany, had complained that Cologne Cathedral was being endangered by the explosion of depth charges in the Rhine. We were at the time using underwater explosives to clear the wreckage of the Hohenzollern Bridge. As you probably know, a depth charge let off in a river will send tremors rushing through the banks, tremors like an earthquake, which rock everything. The effect can be much more serious than from an explosion of the same force on land. Brigadier Barraclough ordered me to investigate the effects of these explosions. To put it mildly, it seemed a pity that we should knock down the cathedral now that the fighting was over.

So far, I had had time to make only a cursory inspection of the cathedral. I had been surprised to find how seriously damaged it was. Allied propaganda and aerial photographs in the British press had led me to believe that it was almost unscathed. But miraculously it was still standing, the only church—indeed almost the only important building—in the whole city that was not a complete ruin. Off I went to see at first hand the effects of the



depth charges. It was arranged with the officer in command of the bridge demolition that he would explode a charge at a given time; I was to observe the effects from the top of the south tower.

I was met at the cathedral by Willy Weyres—the architect in charge of the building—and a venerable bearded Benedictine monk of massive proportions who had remained throughout the war as a fire watcher; he, probably more than anyone else, was responsible for the fact that the cathedral was not gutted by incendiary bombs. These two stayed to observe what would happen at ground level, while I, happily innocent of what was in store for me, climbed up and up and up, above the belfry, on to a platform hundreds of feet above the ground. I am not very happy about heights at any time, and I felt dizzy as I looked over the parapet to the distant ground below where ant-like figures and minute motor-cars threaded their way through the ruins. From this airy post I could clearly distinguish the boundaries of the ancient Roman city, while to the east I looked down on the roof of the chancel and nave. I was astonished to see how much of the lead had been stripped by blast, and that what little remained was warped and twisted. To all intents and purposes there was no roof worth speaking of.

With no feeling of foreboding—only a little dizziness—I checked the time. The explosion was due soon. Either my watch was wrong or the sappers were early. I was taken completely unawares. Suddenly there was a tremendous ‘WHOOMF’, and the whole tower swayed back and forth, and seemed to lean over at an impossible angle. Gothic pinnacles and ornamental crockets went tumbling down hundreds of feet into the street below. Huge stones jumped out of place. I hung on to the parapet for dear life, thinking at any moment the whole structure would collapse. I had never been more certain that this was my end. Then I was sick.

Shakily I made my giddy way down the interminable spiral staircase to ground level. But before leaving the building I remembered to look at the vaulting over the nave. Three of the vaults had previously collapsed as a result of bombing or shelling. I looked up and was happy to see that there seemed to be no further damage. My duties over, I went out to meet Weyres and the Benedictine. I was just walking away from the chancel when hundreds of tons of masonry thundered down, filling the air with thick dust. The vaulting *had* collapsed after all. Obviously my guardian angel was keeping an eye on me that day.

I made my report. From then on smaller charges were used by the demolition squad and there was no further damage to the cathedral, but I realised that if something was not done to patch it up before winter, rain and frost would wreck it just as surely as any depth charge. General Eisenhower had laid down in an army instruction that certain jobs should have priority over all others. Domestic dwellings came before historical monuments; it was forbidden to use building materials for any other purpose. I knew of this order, but at the same time I felt (and so did Willy Weyres, Count Metternich, and many others) that an exception should be made of the cathedral. It stood as an emblem, something extremely important, not only for Rhinelanders but for Christians everywhere.

It was just about this time that Brigadier Barraclough sent for me to tell me that although he had not yet been able to get me



Cologne Cathedral: a photograph taken after the work of restoration was completed

*German Tourist Information Bureau*

any trained help, he had obtained ten Canadian military police majors—‘Mounties’—each with a sergeant and a jeep. They had come to Düsseldorf from Danzig, I think it was—some place which we had just handed over to the Russians. ‘If you want them’, Brigadier Barraclough told me, ‘by all means use them; I can’t use them myself, though goodness knows how you can fit ‘em in’.

I said I could use them; in fact they were just what I needed. The following day a tough Canadian reported to me. I am sure he was wondering what sort of a sissy job he had been assigned to. However, the job I had for my Mounties was suitable for policemen: instead of tracking down criminals I wanted them to track down building materials. In England, before being posted overseas, I had been partly responsible for preparing a list, a sort of directory, of factories and depots all over Western Germany. That was part of the archives side of the Monuments and Fine Arts activities. I gave my ten Mounties a copy each of this list, in which I had marked all the places in Rhineland where building materials were produced: brick and tile yards, cement and glass works, timber yards, slate quarries, zinc and lead factories, and so on.

‘Go round to all these places and report on what materials are available at each site’, I told them. The only stipulation I made was that they should report back in ten days’ time. Funnily enough the building chaps in Civil Government B.A.O.R. had not yet got round to locating these materials, perhaps because they had not the facilities, or because they had not our directory. My Canadians were happy to be occupied. They certainly did their job well and were back within ten days with a most comprehensive report. Amongst other things I learned that there was plenty of zinc only a mile or so away from Düsseldorf, at Neuss, on the other side of the Rhine.

I decided to keep this bit of information to myself. Zinc was just what Weyres needed to patch up the cathedral roof. The next problem was labour. I went to see Cardinal Frings, and he sent out a pastoral letter from pulpits all over Western Germany asking for volunteer workers. Weyres and the Benedictine monk, who was, as it turned out, a master carpenter, would be in charge of the work. It was also arranged that a convent close to Cologne (it possessed extensive vegetable gardens) should supply meals for the workers—frugal vegetarian meals but, all the same, meals. All was now set for action.



I had already seen to it that the cathedral was put out of bounds to the public. It was dangerous to enter it; you never knew when more masonry might come tumbling down on your head. Our next problem was how to move the zinc from Neuss into the cathedral, unobserved if possible. The Ober-Burgomeister of Düsseldorf came to the rescue. If I could requisition civilian transport, he said, he would arrange with the prison authorities to organise loading parties from among the prisoners—non-political prisoners, of course: they were mostly felons, thieves, or murderers. They would work at night. I do not know if I really had authority to requisition transport, but I did it. I felt conspiratorial, but my conscience did not worry me. I am afraid I turned a blind eye to General Eisenhower's priorities.

The effect of the pastoral letters—or was it the nuns' soup kitchen?—exceeded all our expectations. Do not forget Germany at that time was very hungry. So many people poured into Cologne that they became a source of embarrassment. There were not enough lodgings for them and not enough food. Extra police had to be called in to deal with the situation. But work on the roof began and everyone set to with a will. Naturally we could not keep all this a secret, and I was not altogether surprised when Brigadier Barraclough sent for me. 'What's going on

in Cologne?', he asked. 'I believe you're at the bottom of it'.

There was no use denying it. I told him, more or less, though chiefly less, what I had done. Perhaps if he is listening to me now he will forgive me.

'Of course I ought to have you put under arrest', he said. Then he smiled. 'Anyway, I'm glad you did it first and told me after. Have a drink'. And that was that. A temporary roof was constructed; the south tower was shored up, and the cathedral was safe.

Seven hundred years after its foundation, Cologne Cathedral was re-dedicated. I was invited by both Cardinal Frings and the Ober-Burgomeister to attend the ceremony. Cardinal Micara, the Papal Nuncio, officiated at Pontifical High Mass; present were the cardinals of all the allied countries, together with some fifty bishops or more, all clad in scarlet and purple, their robes set off by the black, sixteenth-century court dresses of the papal chamberlains. The cathedral, lit by thousands of candles, was crowded. As the choir burst into the 'Gloria' I looked up towards the roof, lost in darkness, high above me, and felt very happy—happy that after all, in spite of disobeying orders, I had in my own small way managed to do something useful while I was in the army. At least I had helped to make this day come true.—*Home Service*

## The Fulness of Time

# The Coming of Christ in the Present

The last of four talks for Advent by the Rev. R. S. BARBOUR

WE are concerned in this talk with the coming of Christ in the present—here and now. In the past two weeks I have tried to show that the Christian past can be—and is—a living past, and that the Christian hope for the future can be—and is—a living hope. But unless we can attach some meaning to the coming of Christ in the present all this talk about the past and the future will be just words, as in fact it is for most people in this country today. Unless we can know God in action now, there can be no guarantee that He has been in action in the past and will be in the future. The present is the link which binds the past and the future together; so far as you and I are concerned a God who is not living and in action now is no God.

Where, then, is the evidence that God is in action, or that in any sense Christ still comes to this world of ours? In centuries gone by this question was not too difficult to answer. Whenever anything happened that men could not explain they said that God must have done it. Now, however, we no longer say this: we say instead that there must be an explanation—a scientific explanation—and we go on looking until we find it, or at any rate go on with remarkable faith in our belief that an answer can be found. Christians have sometimes regarded it as a tragedy that we apparently no longer need God to assist our explanations of the universe; but perhaps it is gain, and not loss, that we no longer use God to explain some things in life, and neglect Him in others. Now it is all or nothing; a really living God or no God at all.

Furthermore, we are now forced back, as we ought to be, on finding God first and foremost in Christ, and in no other way. But even this is no longer an adequate way of speaking; the plain truth is that we can no longer find God in the world at all. All that can happen is that He can find us; we cannot come to Him; but, whether we notice it or not, He can and does come to us. Let me explain one way in which, as I believe, this can be approached by anyone in our twentieth-century world.

Everyone today is more or less familiar with the experience of being lost in a crowd, with the feeling, that is, of being submerged in a great mass of people in which the individual counts for nothing. You know the feeling: 'I'm just a number on somebody's file: it doesn't matter where I came from or where I'm going to, or what my hopes and fears are. I don't really know what they are myself; I'm simply existing among millions of

others who are doing the same, following the same meaningless rigmarole day after day'. To many people, in an industrial mass-society, this is perhaps the overwhelming fact about life. It is partly the effect and partly also the cause of having no real past and no real future. On the one hand, as we say, 'you've had it'—and that is the past; on the other hand, 'there's no future in this kind of life', and that is the future.

People who have this sense of being passively lost in a crowd, this sense of meaninglessness in life, are in a very real way living only in the present. It is significant that to many thinkers today hell presents itself, not as everlasting punishment or the tortures of the damned, but rather as emptiness, meaninglessness, nothingness—something that is only too obviously present here on earth.

But besides this passive sense of being lost in a crowd there is an active kind of losing oneself; and this experience too is familiar in some degree to all of us. We have all of us known odd moments at least when we were engaged in some worth-while activity which completely absorbed us, so that we were more or less oblivious to everything else going on round about us. It happens at crises, when we have to put everything we have into the urgent job on hand, to the exclusion of all else. It happened to many of us at times during the war. It happens too when we are playing games or doing a tricky job of craftsmanship of any kind. This complete concentration on some task that is outside oneself—this also is living in the present, but instead of being passive it is active, and it is as meaningful as the other experience of being lost is meaningless, as necessary to the soul of man as the other is soul-destroying.

The Saturday afternoon football match, at least in the cities of Scotland where I come from, illustrates what I mean. If you are an outsider, watching the crowds streaming into the ground for the first time, you may think that this, if anything, is meaningless mass activity. But become a spectator, learn the rules, and support a team—then the whole picture changes. To be a spectator means to lose yourself in an activity which grips you completely, which takes you, as it were, outside yourself, and in which you soon become almost as much engaged as the players themselves. I am not suggesting (or denying) that football is a religion, but perhaps this is the nearest that many people come to the kind of experience which I have been trying to describe.

It is, as I have said, an experience which can come now and



then to anyone; but it can have a real relation to the whole meaning and purpose of a man's life only if it arises out of the past and leads towards the future in a way that is clearly seen. This is true of the artist and the craftsman, lost in their work, as we say—wholly concentrated on the attempt to express or to create something outside themselves; but they do this not just spasmodically, they do it regularly as part of a life which has a coherent purpose about it. And I mention all this because, strange as it may seem, I think it is the nearest that many people get to understanding what the coming of Christ in the present is like.

For to know the coming of Christ in your own life is to lose yourself; it is to lose yourself in the service of God, which is worship, and it is to lose yourself in the service of other people, which of course is also a way of serving God. These two—the worship of God and the service of other people—hang together; if you can learn really to lose yourself in the one you will soon learn also really to lose yourself in the other. Just as the man who is wholly concentrating on some worth-while activity forgets himself for the time being and gets out of the cramping circle of his own fears and prejudices and self-interest, so the Christian discovers that he too can escape from the tyranny of himself, only more effectively and more permanently. But neither in the one case nor in the other does this happen automatically. With all really absorbing activities you have to be trained; you have to learn the rules, and this is no less true of preparing yourself for the coming of Christ in your own life than it is for any other activity. This is a great part of what Advent means; it is the preparation of yourself for the coming of Christ.

Of course, there is no real parallel to the coming of Christ. How could there be? But there is one more way in which losing yourself in some difficult and profitable activity is like losing yourself in the service of God. Sometimes, I believe, when a man is successful in some task that he was afraid would be too big for him, strangely enough he feels little sense of personal achievement, little sense that *he* deserves all the credit for this, but rather simply a sense of thankfulness that it has all come out right in the end. Why men should feel like this I do not know, but it seems sometimes at least to be true that they do. The Christian finds that the same is true of him; and why he finds this I do know. He finds it because Christ has come.

This does not usually mean that he has had some wonderful experience, some vision on the Damascus road. Much more probably it means that he has for a short while become absorbed

—lost himself—in the service of somebody else who perhaps had no claim on him. For the time being he has forgotten himself, his future, his property, and his prospects, because of somebody else who needed him.

Since he is a Christian he may for a moment be tempted to say that he had succeeded in following the example set him by Christ, who gave himself completely on behalf of people who had no claim on him. But as soon as the Christian says this to himself he will realise that it is false—horribly false. For he will know as well as you and me that nobody can follow Christ's example. This is something that no one can do however hard he tries. What this man has found is not that he has by his own effort followed Christ's example, but that to his shame and joy Christ has followed him and got him. No other explanation will do; and he has to say with St. Paul, 'I live no longer; Christ lives in me'. Or to put it in another way, he has discovered that it is true that in order to gain your life you have to lose it, but this is not a general truth about human life; it applies only to the indestructible, and in this world largely hidden, life which is to be had in Christ, a life where you lose yourself in something bigger than yourself and, without any deserving on your part, find yourself renewed by him.

But still there will be many people at this Advent time who would like to be assured of all this, yet cannot persuade themselves that it is true. This Christ who died, is he really risen? This, the most central of all Christian affirmations, often seems the most nonsensical. Here I can only say this: do not be prepared to find him only in the most obvious or the most exciting places. Watch and wait; learn the rules again. Look back to the Christian past, which is a real past and guarantees the Christian future. Then, perhaps at the moment when you are least expecting it, the keystone will drop into the centre of the arch which you have been building; the past on the one hand and the future on the other will be built into the present.

Above all, learn from the old memories and the old longings of the Christian faith as they are expressed in the worship of God's people gathered together when Christmas has come. In the liturgy of the Church of South India men still say together, using an ancient form of words: 'Thy death, O Lord, we commemorate; Thy Resurrection we confess; Thy Second Coming we await'. There, if anywhere, we can learn what is the fulness of time for us. For us he came; for us he still comes; for us he will come again; and to know that makes the past, the present, and the future all completely new.—*Home Service*

## Twenty-five Years of External Broadcasting

(continued from page 1059)

success, but this success is limited in time to the period when all is going well, when power and success in policy or in warlike operations assist, and when the voice is heard by audiences who are impressed by the apparent might and success of the body which is speaking. When things go wrong, when success is absent, the method breaks down and ultimately fails.

An exceedingly interesting example of this is presented by recent events in Hungary. The country has been dominated for eleven years by a Communist regime supported by Russian troops. Throughout this period the population has been subjected to the full treatment of Communist propaganda, with the suppression of liberty and with small facilities for contact with the outer world. Yet, when the time came in 1956, it became clear that none of this had carried any conviction, because it was based on something rotten. In the end the human spirit violently reacted.

During all this period the B.B.C. had been broadcasting to Hungary, and although in the last four or five years there had been fairly intense jamming of our broadcasts they had been widely listened to and had met the needs of the Hungarian people to a remarkable degree. A great body of evidence, drawn from the Hungarian refugees, drives home this conviction. Furthermore, during the short time that Radio Budapest was in the hands

of the insurgents, they delivered the following message to us through the British Embassy:

We express our appreciation of the London Radio Station, B.B.C., for the objective information given to the world about our people's struggle. We were particularly pleased to note that there was no incitement to extremism and that the tone of the broadcasts expressed solidarity in our joy over victories and in our sorrow in weeping for our dead.

What, then, are the principles on which we found our work? They are as follows: first, we state the objective truth, as far as it is known to us, on all questions of fact. This applies to all our news bulletins and to all our reporting of events here and elsewhere. Secondly, we give a strong exposition and explanation of British thought and action. There is nothing detached or objective about this, though when conflicting views are held by substantial elements in this country they are not suppressed. And, thirdly, our other programmes are of a kind best adapted to build up friendship between the audience concerned and this country, and to make the whole of our Service interesting and agreeable. We emphasise particularly British achievement in all fields.

These principles, applied unswervingly over the years, in good times and bad, have brought their reward. The B.B.C. is believed, everywhere. In all times of crisis people turn to our Services to learn the truth and to know what Britain is doing and why.

—General Overseas Service



# NEWS DIARY

December 18-23

## Wednesday, December 18

Agreement is reached at Nato conference in Paris on the principle of the American offer to supply an atomic stockpile and nuclear weapons

The T.U.C. consents to meeting with the Council 'on Productivity, Prices, and Incomes

House of Lords completes Committee stage on Life Peerages Bill

## Thursday, December 19

The final *communiqué* by the Nato heads of governments is published

Labour M.P.s ask for legislation to compel members of the Court of the Bank of England to give up other directorships

Britain and Russia sign an agreement for direct air services between London and Moscow

## Friday, December 20

Government obtains 289 votes against 251 after debate on the Nato conference

Tribunal investigating alleged 'leak' on increase of Bank rate adjourns after hearing over 100 witnesses

A Treasury grant of £12,000 is made towards purchase of painting by Poussin for the National Gallery

The Chief Constable of Worcester is suspended from duty pending an investigation

## Saturday, December 21

Supreme Soviet adopts seven-point peace proposals and passes resolution in favour of 'summit' talks

Governor of Cyprus orders release of 100 political prisoners

Indonesian Government asks Britain not to allow Dutch warships to use Singapore as a base

Eric Coates, composer of light music, dies at age of seventy-one

## Sunday, December 22

British ship sinks in North Sea: crew of twenty-eight is reported missing

Archbishop Makarios leaves the United States after three-month visit

## Monday, December 23

Deputation representing workers in Health Services sees Prime Minister about refusal of pay increase

Dr. Fuchs' party reaches its last base in Antarctica before its final trek to the South Pole



The Norwegian Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square, London—Oslo's annual gift to the British capital—which will remain lit up each night until January 6

The British-built Bristol Br... on its first regular passenger... from London to New York... sixteen-and-a-half hours last... paring to leave London Airpo... 19. It maintained an averag... miles an hour and is the fast... on the North Atlantic



Miss Dorothy Sayers, the w... on December 18, aged sixty-f... tive stories, plays and writin... themes appealed to a wide p... of the detective stories in wh... Wimsey was the hero—*Wha*... published in 1923. Her cycle... on the life of Christ, 'The... be King', which was first b... the war, proved outstanding... recent years Miss Sayers had... translations of Dante's *Infe*... torio and of *The Song*

Right: excavations in prog... on the mound that covers... Remains have been found t... to date back 8,000





The Queen unveiling the reredos (commemorating Governor Edward Winslow and the Pilgrim Fathers) in the restored church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, London, when Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a service of rededication on December 19



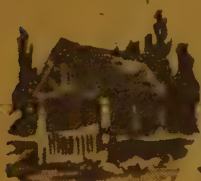
Mr. Ernest Marples, the Postmaster-General, putting a bundle of letters into the new 'facing' machine at Southampton sorting office last week. The machine, which can deal with 300 letters a minute, stacks the envelopes the right way up, date-stamps them and separates printed matter from letters



The battleship H.M.S. *Anson*, berthing last week at Faslane, Dunbartonshire, where she is to be broken up together with H.M.S. *George V*, H.M.S. *Duke of York*, and H.M.S. *Howe*



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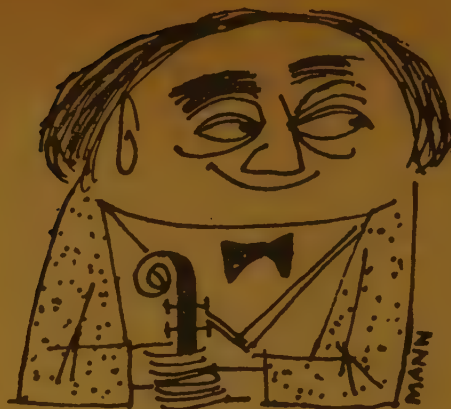


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# The Free Churches in England Today

CECIL NORTHCOTT gives the second of three talks

**I**N the evolution of the social pattern of life in Britain the Churches have always played an influential part because the people are basically a religious people. Ever since the Christian faith was brought to these islands it has found an enthusiastic following. Religion has moulded the thought, the manners, the customs, the speech, and the general way of life. You cannot go about England and Wales without noticing the effect of all this. The Churches are there at the centre of the life of every community—large and small, in city and in country. Much of their influence seems to be in the past, but the results are very powerful today.

Consider education, for instance. In its earliest beginnings education was essentially a responsibility of the Christian Church, and although it has now passed, for the most part, within the care of the state, the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches still have some thousands of schools in their management. The hospitals, too, used to be a Church responsibility and have passed entirely into the hands of the state. If the Englishman's home is his castle, it is Christian teaching about the sanctity of marriage and home life which has made it so.

## Lively Charitable Spirit

Another instance of the strong influence of the Christian faith, which is perhaps often forgotten, lies in the lively charitable spirit of the people. No country has developed so many voluntary movements for public service towards the needy, the unfortunate, the handicapped, for old people, for children, for animals—the charities are legion and the origin of the impetus which keeps them going is practical Christianity. The Church has preached the duty to love God by serving your neighbours, and the result is a variegated and impressive muster of organised charity which calls out a stream of devoted personal service and millions of pounds every year.

The fact that the Church of England is established by law is a recognition of the supreme place of the Christian faith in the life of the English people. The monarch is the head of both Church and nation, and the Archbishop of Canterbury ranks immediately after the chief members of the Royal family. But it is one thing to have this ideal of nation and Church being coterminous, and another to put it into practice. Englishmen cannot be driven or compelled to worship as the national authority dictates—as monarchs from Henry VIII to James II discovered. Again and again in our history there have been groups of awkward, sometimes difficult but always conscientious, people who have resisted the claim of the state to be the final authority in religious affairs. They have been known by various names at different stages of English religious history—sometimes 'Puritans', then 'Dissenters', then 'Nonconformists', and nowadays nearly always referred to as the 'Free Churches'.

The resistance of these groups to the principle of the state Church for over 200 years is a remarkable chapter not only in the religious but in the political and social life of the English people. Out of that resistance came an extremely significant result which we benefit from in England today but rarely think about: the spirit of tolerance. Englishmen have learned, out of much bitter experience in the past, to be tolerant of one another's religious opinions, and also of political and social differences. We are prepared to recognise the sincerity of the other man and to see that he gets a fair chance of saying what he wants to and of worshipping God in the way he chooses. If you walk through London's Hyde Park any Sunday afternoon you will get an example of this spirit at the famous Speaker's Corner. You can stand up there in complete freedom and make your speech about politics, religion, or anything else—and there is usually a London policeman about to keep a friendly eye on the proceedings and to see you get a fair chance.

The chief Free Churches of England and Wales, which owe their life to this spirit of tolerance, are the Baptist, the Congregational, and the Presbyterian Churches. They also owe much of their teaching to the great Reformation leader, John Calvin of Geneva. John Calvin claimed that there could be only one head of the Church—Christ Himself, and that even the state must be subservient to him. In England Calvin's teaching strongly influenced the 'separatists'—those spiritually minded people 'gathered' together as Churches. Sometimes the Free Churches today are called 'gathered churches'. Nearly 300 years ago, in 1662, this Free Church movement was given a tremendous impetus in England when some 2,000 clergymen of the Church of England left that Church because they conscientiously could not obey the orders of King Charles II to worship in the way he directed. Then, another 100 years later came John Wesley and the Methodist movement which today is linked to the Free Churches in England and has become by far the largest and most powerful of them.

## Influence in Politics

This Free Church movement in English life has had many widespread and far-reaching effects. One of them is in politics. Free Churchmen—like many other minority groups—have tended to be on the left in politics as opposed to members of the Church of England who have had more conservative tendencies. In country districts in days gone by the local squire and vicar were often allied against the local tradesmen and the Nonconformist ministers. In the big cities too many of the important Free Churches were centres of political life when the politics of the day were concentrated on great moral questions: what sort of schools children should go to, the extension of the franchise, provisions of pensions for the aged and the beginnings of what today we call the Welfare State.

Free Churchmen tended to mix their religion with their politics. They believed that political action was sometimes necessary in order to achieve religious ideals, and this imparted to English public life a kind of moral fervour. It led to the growth of what is sometimes called 'the Nonconformist conscience'. These men were very sensitive to the things that were wrong in social and public life, and often started crusades to put them right. They introduced an almost religious passion into public affairs which led sometimes to a charge of hypocrisy, and it was often rather over-pious and self-righteous, but it created a tradition of public duty and public righteousness which are essentially British.

## Rise of the Socialist Movement

Another social evolution, or rather revolution, in England during the last eighty years which was deeply influenced by the Christian faith is the rise of the socialist movement. Its early leaders all found their guide and counsel within the pages of the New Testament. Some of them were lay preachers of the Free Churches. Nearly all of them were workers in the industries or mines, or were officials of the various trade unions. Again religion and politics were thoroughly mixed up so that the socialist movement in its beginning had much of the character of a religious reawakening. The workers were often in their union lodge meetings on Saturday night and in their Methodist chapel on Sunday.

I believe that it was that blending of politics and religion which helped to save England from violent revolution. It also saved the workers from moving towards the materialist socialism which grew up in parts of Europe. Britain has evolved its own brand of socialism, and the organised life of the Christian Churches had much to do with that evolution although perhaps at the time they were not, themselves, aware of it.

Perhaps of all the Churches in Britain the Methodist Church has had most to do with organised labour. John Wesley's idea of Methodist 'societies' appealed to the miners and factory workers of Wales and the north of England and so did the hearty singing of Charles Wesley's hymns. Methodist chapels gave a chance to the ordinary worker to play a part as a preacher or leader or Sunday-school teacher. In 'Methodism' there was a place for everybody, however humble: it was a kind of democracy in religion which fitted the spirit of the workers in the great new industries.

The Roman Catholic Churches, too, have had a big influence amongst industrial workers, especially in parts of the north of England, and some of the Roman Catholic bishops have been leaders in the reform movements. The Roman Catholic Church has cared zealously for its needy children and youth by providing homes and orphanages. Some of its schools and colleges are of the finest quality, and the Roman Catholic Church has always been able to draw on the



devoted services of dedicated men and women who have served the community as well as their own Church.

It can be claimed justly that the Churches of all traditions of the Christian faith have had a share in the creation of the Welfare State in Britain. Clergymen of the Church of England, ministers of the Free Churches, and priests of the Roman Catholic Church have all at various times spoken out against the evils of poverty,

bad housing, poor medical services, and inadequate care for children and old people. The Churches were, after all, pioneers in all sorts of voluntary schemes of relief and aid which are now taken within the compass of the Welfare State. And their work goes on. I can think of at least three local schemes recently started by Churches to build homes for old people.

But the Churches wisely are beginning to recognise that they are not called on to do those

things which an educated community ought to be doing for itself, and that the Welfare State, which is charged with looking after the well-being of its members, can, with its resources, do what the Churches cannot do. In other words, the Churches are not out to compete with the Welfare State, but to supplement it where it seems proper and above all to provide the men and women of character to run it.

—General Overseas Service

## A Man of the Gloucestershire Earth

By LEONARD CLARK

**J**OHN NIBLETT was my mother's first cousin by marriage. I first met him when I was four and he was well over sixty. Perhaps because of the gap in our ages we took to each other from the beginning, though I always went a little in awe of him. He was a giant of a man, and had a tremendous personality.

### Smallholder and Miner

John was a smallholder all his life, though he also worked, till he could work in them no longer, in the iron mines of the Forest of Dean and later, when they had gone, in the coal mines. He grew plums, apples, and pears in an orchard at Popes Hill planted by his grandfather when William IV was king. He kept pigs and chickens, too, and made the tarest cider for miles around, ran his sheep on the common land round his cottage, and had a hive of sulky, dangerous, English black bees, better guardians of his homestead than Mell, his one-eyed sheepdog.

Mother and I used to go and see John and Mrs. Niblett three or four times a year, but my best memories of him are at plum-picking time. I remember a visit we paid to him when I was about twelve. We left our house just after breakfast, carrying as many baskets and brown-paper carrier bags as we could manage. The bags advertised, all the way, either 'Tom Mason's Canterbury Lamb' or 'Herbert Barter's Prime Dover Soles and Severn Salmon in Season', or both. We walked up the road, along the lane by the school, over the stile, and then down the meadows which overlooked the wide sweep of Severn and Gloucester's white cathedral tower. Then there came the Ruffit, an old Roman road, and true to its name, for it was very rough and very stony. Soon, after more fields, we were in a quiet valley with the poetical and authentic name of Greenbottom. Here we broke into the late August woods, scattering the ruddled sheep grazing on the thin grass under the trees.

Slowly the hush of the woods, a large plantation of ancient chestnut trees, possessed us. We said nothing. There was an air of mystery and expectation. I caught hold of mother's hand, fearful even at my advanced age. We walked along the damp red earth of the forest track, scored at all seasons of the year with the wheel marks of the timber wagons. We could see no sky and perpetual night seemed to be around us, so dense were the trees and so thick the branches

overhead. The only sound would be the sudden flight of a wood pigeon, wings falling like waterfalls. Geography had it that we were in the Forest of Dean, and history that George V was king, but imagination had plucked me away into the jungles of darkest Africa.

Then, at last, we got to the end of the wood. There in morning sunlight, in front of our bewitched eyes, was Popes Hill, an enchanted stretch of open common land, with bracken and heather, a mist of chalk blue butterflies, and the stocky, rough sheep again. Smoke trailed from cottages, and tight, fat little orchards, heavy with hanging plums, were dotted all over the hillside. We climbed over the last stile on to the short turf and moved slowly down the hill between the tall bracken, passing an old cock mounted in solitary though ragged state on a pig trough, rounded the corner, and there was John Niblett's cottage, half hidden in trees, mossed and sunken.

### In the Orchard

Mrs. Niblett would be the first to greet us with 'Well, well. It is nice to see you again. Come in and take your things off. John's down in the orchard'. Mother would go into the house beneath the low porch of the front door, but I would be off, up the flagged garden path, past the pigs and the beehive, and into the orchard by its little white gate. 'Mr. Niblutt, Mr. Niblutt', I called, and then, fatherless son that I was, I heard the warm friendly voice I longed to hear. 'Where be you, boy? I never reckoned you'd be here by now. Come on up the orchard and mind the wapsies'. I unlatched the gate and walked into the Garden of Eden underneath plum trees. Long ladders stretched into the magical branches. Then I caught sight of a pair of heavily shod feet, halfway up one of the ladders, thick tweed trousers, and the back of a shining black leather belt. The rest of the man was a voice in the branches. 'Hello boy. Where's your mother? Now what have you come for?' And I, 'Mr. Niblutt. Are the Victorias ripe? Can I have some windfalls?' And he, 'I never knew such a chap for thinking of his belly. Is that all they teach you at that new school?'

The legs began to descend the ladder, slowly, deliberately, rung by rung. The country voice went on talking to the ripe air. 'Bad year for plums, this year. But I expect you've brought half Cinderford with you to get 'em'. Soon

there were revealed two huge brown arms, each linked into the handles of two great baskets crammed to the top with plums as warm as new laid eggs. And there was my old friend, over six feet of him, with the head of an Old Testament patriarch, large, sensitive ears, and a red beard mottled with age and snuff, halfway down his chest. The eyes were brown and friendly, the teeth broken and uneven, the lips full. The whole face was the mature face of a man who had spent all his daylight hours in the open when he had not been digging for iron or coal. His Welsh flannel shirt was open at the neck, for he only wore a collar on Sundays, and he took that off once he had been to church. A ragged waistcoat hung from his firm shoulders, in one pocket of which bulged a silver turnip watch as big as a cooking apple.

My young eyes took all this in, and the leather laces, too, in the boots, the blackened thumbnail on the right hand and the wart on the left cheek. But my heart took in the whole man, the seventy strong years of him and the gentle hand, as big as a saucepan lid, that was laid unobtrusively on my head in welcome. He was like a fine upstanding orchard tree himself. 'Now don't get filling yourself up with them windfalls before dinner'; and then, lowering his voice, and looking wickedly from side to side, 'How'd you like a tot of cider before them two greedy old women guzzles the lot?' This bit of temptation was then followed by a roar of laughter, enough to shake all the remaining plums off every tree. But John was like that, all innocence and good humour, though lies and deceit could rouse him to fury.

### Dinner in the Kitchen

The two baskets were emptied into a larger basket, called a 'pot', I believe. We swilled our faces and hands under the pump near the front door, and joined the two women. My mother, hatless, looked rather different in that kitchen away from our home, as she sat contentedly in the corner by the fireplace gently bobbing up and down in a rocking chair, nursing the Niblett's ginger cat and darning a pair of socks. I noticed the mantelpiece crowded with china ornaments, Staffordshire dogs and horses, presents from Weston-super-Mare, and fading photographs of friends and relations. There was an oleograph of 'The Light of the World' on one wall, and another of Queen Victoria, in full regalia, on another.



Mrs. Niblett, a dumpy little woman not unlike Queen Victoria herself, brought in the dinner from the back kitchen: cold rabbit pie, dishes of boiled potatoes and tomatoes, and stacks of cos lettuce. John said grace, rubbed his hands, and we were away. We drank cider throughout the meal, John turning to me at one point to say 'Sharp enough, my lad, to cut the throat of a graveyard ghost'. Then, the eating over and the women washing up in the back kitchen, reinforced by one or other of the Niblett daughters who had come over for the afternoon from Flaxley Abbey where they worked as maids, John and I went into the garden. This time it was to be the cider house, where he set the steam engine purring that worked the machinery that pressed the juice out of the tiny apples. I can still hear the popping sound of that engine and smell the sour sweetness of the cider house.

Then John told me stories of his youth, of long walks to and from the mines, of sheep stealers on Popes Hill, of the dead squires of Flaxley, of his children, of how he had once picked plums by moonlight, of the bad old days, 'when I couldn't have rubbed a farthing on a button'. I could have listened for hours to him, fascinated by the sight of his red beard wagging up and down every time he spoke. Then he would lumber back to the orchard for more picking, and I would wander where my feet led me.

Sometimes I would go to the top of the hill to catch a sight of John's bald head pushing its

way farther up the ladder, and in between the leaves, as he picked and picked. Then, with our baskets loaded, mother invited to a pinch of snuff, and farewells said, we were on our way back home again, through the same dark wood, and up the lanes and meadows, with the bats flying overhead and the owls calling the stars out over Severn. But I carried back with me something more than plums. John Niblett walked with me, even though he was in fact a mile or so away still picking in the trees. For those plums eked out his old-age pension and were his winter living.

Mrs. Niblett died just after the Great War. John was never the same man afterwards. He still looked after his orchard and fussed about the garden, but he kept more to himself. When we went to see him his sad old eyes would fill with tears if my mother mentioned her name, and he would look out over his kingdom of plums and bees and cider apples and deeply sigh.

I was a hundred miles and more away when mother wrote to say that John was on his deathbed. It was midwinter. I caught the first train home I could, and arrived on the afternoon of John's funeral. The snow lay on the ground, too thick in the fields and the lanes for mother to go to the funeral. But I set off under the grey skies, stumbling along the old familiar ways, down into the deserted Greenbottom where the sheep shivered under the starved trees, through the woods of boyhood again, cracking

the thin ice on the frozen cart tracks, and so to the stile at the end of the wood. Once more I stood at the top of that hill. Once more I looked on Popes Hill and down its deserted slope.

The funeral had already started from the house. So they are taking him to Flaxley church, I thought. My heart and feet were frozen to the spot. I just could not venture any farther. I stood there like a scarecrow watching the going of a man who had loved that place as he had loved the whole of life. The last I saw of his little procession was his snow-powdered coffin being wheeled on its bier, head towards Flaxley, feet towards his cottage, disappearing out of sight down the lane that led to the main road and the churchyard. The plum trees held the afternoon's silence, and winter's whiteness, too. Their spring glory would come again, but John would not be there to see them in full flower.

I thought of these things as I watched him go on that bitter day. The sun was low over his woods. I turned my back on his hill and walked slowly home through the mourning trees.

John Niblett was a simple country man, an honest down-to-earth character of uncomplicated beliefs and tastes, a man of the Gloucestershire earth. I shall never forget him. I realise now that he gave to me much of the country stuff of my making. He bequeathed to me, though he did not know it, the everlasting spirit of his orchards and, I hope, some of his wisdom.

—Home Service

## Meet, Drink, and Be Airy

By W. R. RODGERS

**T**HERE are, says the Irish triad, 'three fewnesses that are better than plenty: a fewness of fine words; a fewness of cows on grass; a fewness of good friends around good ale'. As an Ulsterman I would agree. As a people we are uncommonly sparing with words as with everything else, slow to loosen the talking-tapes or to let ourselves go. It is our nature, if not our pride, to be withholding.

Once, at a public meeting, I was asked to devise a way of raising money for my parish. I went home and slept on the problem and in the morning I had the answer. It was very simple. In my dream I had held a Grand Charity Concert to which everybody came. I charged them one shilling to get in—but I charged them five shillings to get out. There you have the canny Ulster mind at work, ready to entertain people or ideas but guarded about letting them go again. And that goes for words, too. We have them, plenty of them, but we are slow to express them. It would take a Habeas Corpus Act to make an Ulsterman produce a full-bodied peroration. A fewness of fine words is his aim.

Yet it would be wrong to assume that, in an Ireland flowing with volubility, Ulstermen are tight-lipped Puritans writhing in the lap of luxury. Far from it. It was from my experience of a country parish in Northern Ireland that I learned how much the life of a community depends upon its talk. Cut the talk and you cut

the life-line between man and man, generation and generation. I was able to observe this closely because my pastoral work involved me in talking. One of the things I liked best was careless talk, for carelessness is the gay feather in the cap of all good conversation: it is like dancing as opposed to walking.

I found that there were two kinds of careless talkers in my parish; one was the young child, the other was the old man or woman. In between were the responsible folk, the strong farmers and their wives who did the work and carried the worry of the world. 'And how's all your care?', they would say when I went to the door. 'Come on in and have a warm'. And the best chair would be dusted, the best cups brought out, and the best talk—fit for the minister—would be aired. Meet, drink, and be airy. Fond as I was of them, I would have given a lot sometimes for a bit of loose-tongued, devil-may-care conversation to break the crust of respectability. I knew that old grandpa, sitting so mum in the chimney-corner, was bursting with gossip, enough to sink a battleship, but he hadn't a chance. Everybody loves the careless prattle of a child, but the careless talk of an old man is anathema to his family. Haven't I seen them, on a summer's day, anxious to get out to the harvest field yet afraid to leave me alone with the old fellow and longing for me to go? But no. I would go on sitting there till maybe a threatening rain-cloud would pass over the sun, and, with a last despairing look at, the

pair of us, they would scurry off to their work.

That was what the old man was waiting for. On would go the teapot and out would pour the talk, scalding talk, scandalous talk, talk with a tooth in it; talk about bad neighbours, good old times, randy men and bandy women, feuds and fads and fancies. In no time at all half the skeletons of the countryside would be pulled out of their cupboards and made to dance for me. I would learn things that were never put down in books.

'You see', said an old countryman to me, 'there's two kinds of education. There's the kind you have to get to live and there's the kind you have to live to get, and, to my way of thinking, you can't beat the livin'! But now, begod, it's nothing but books, books, books'. I thought of what an Oxford professor of poetry said once. 'Few revolutions', said W. P. Ker, 'have been more important than that which cut off the old popular traditions and put modern educational textbooks in their place. People learn nothing now in the way that all generations before them learned their ballads and fairy stories. Those things may come to them by way of books. They do not come as part of their real life from the mouth of their nurse or grandmother'.

No, indeed. In our grave new world of printed words and wider screens it is the old people who are supposed to be seen and not heard. Yet the ancient world knew them as talkers and showmen and that is how I knew them in my parish. It was their sublime abandon



that pleased me. They never, like younger people, sieved their facts or saved their faces. Why should they? They had done their stint of careful moralising and were glad to let a new generation of caretakers take over. Long live the careless talkers, the old folks at home and not—as often happens today—in ‘homes’.

### ‘Word Went Round’

‘The Irish’, said Walter de la Mare, speaking of the poet Yeats, ‘have no sense of destination in their talk’. That is true. It is true of the poet and the peasant everywhere, for both minds work by association, not by intention; and in their conversation one thing leads aimlessly to another, much as it is doing now in this talk of mine. ‘Word went round’, we say in Ireland: it never goes straight.

Tell all the truth but tell it slant,  
Success in circuit lies,  
Too bright for our infirm delight  
The truth’s superb surprise.

In my parish there was no such thing as a conversational target. What you got was talk that jumped round from one topic to another, from tiddleywinks to the Trinity. As a poet this was something I knew and liked, for what is imagination but the faculty of taking off from any point and finding landing ground anywhere? It is only in cities that people will say: ‘Let’s get this straight’, for cities are places for planned knowledge and special skills, and city folk know the value of having a single-track mind.

A friend of mine went on an angling holiday to a country inn in the north of England. One evening he had laid out the day’s catch on the hall floor when suddenly the door opened and in trooped a company of tourists. They looked at the fish. ‘And what is that?’ asked a woman, pointing to the largest fish. ‘That, ma’am,’ said my friend, ‘is a salmon trout’. ‘Oh’, she said, ‘I never saw one of those before. What kind of fly did you use?’ He told her. ‘Was it’, she insisted, ‘the male or female fly?’ He was stumped by that. ‘Describe it’, she said. So he described it and she pronounced at once that it was a female fly. ‘But, ma’am’, said my friend, ‘you have never seen a salmon trout before and yet you know the sex of the fly that caught it?’ ‘Oh’, she said, ‘I work in the fishing-tackle-and-fly department of a multiple London stores’. Now, that is straight specialisation, fragmented skill, as one finds it in a city. But in my country parish a man might tie his own fly, catch his own fish, do a bit of poaching and perhaps be a Justice of the Peace as well. For the countryman’s life is an all-round life. His skills are all-round skills—he can build a wall, sink a well, deliver a calf, grade an egg, or grow an apple. And his talk is equally rounded, as rounded as the seasons he has to deal with.

### A Closed Community

A country community, then, as I saw it, is in every way a closed community, a circle of returning tasks and habits and relationships. And this has its dangers, for being deep in the circle it is difficult for the peasant mind to see beyond it in an emergency. Take this business of talk, for instance. I used to visit, in my parish, a most hospitable farmhouse where there were always lashings and leavings of talk, talk that circulated

quickly from mouth to mouth till everybody in the kitchen was caught up in it. One day, after long acquaintance, I noticed that two members of the family seemed never to speak directly to each other but only, as it were, through a third party. Was I right, I wondered? I would ask. I found to my astonishment that those two people, living under one roof, had not spoken to each other for years. Long ago they had had a quarrel which had hardened into silence, and now they were unable to break the silence. It would have been a simple thing, you may say, for one of them to up and go: all that was needed was a bit of straight thinking and a removal van. But no; they remained hopelessly trapped in the circle of silence, unable to talk their way out of it.

This kind of verbal paralysis is not uncommon in the small community whether in Ireland or England, but country people fear and detest it because it threatens the very basis of their society. To cut the talk is, in the end, to cut the life-line, and this, to country-folk, is an unforgivable sin and one which invites punishment. I think of two brothers I knew, farmers, who lived together; one did the fieldwork, the other the homework; neither had spoken to the other for twenty years and more. One morning the homeworker failed to get out of bed. The fieldworker wondered why, but since no words ever passed between them there was no way of finding out: so he made the breakfast himself and fed the livestock. On the second and third and yet on the fourth day it was the same. The fieldworker was deeply worried now, and called in the doctor who found that the bed-ridden brother had lockjaw. He died next day. A family tragedy, yet I need hardly add that the entire countryside looked on it as a judgement of God. He who can talk and won’t talk may one day not be permitted to talk.

### Too Many Books Spoil the Cloth

‘Only connect’, said a wise man once: and any failure to connect or to communicate is quickly remarked in a country parish. ‘You will notice’, said a neighbour of mine, ‘that deaf people can be very cruel’. He was referring to a stone-deaf parishioner of mine who was given to making wounding remarks, not out of malice but simply because he could not hear himself, he had no sounding board. It is isolation that leads to cruelty, and few things are so isolating as deafness, nothing so humanising as talk. In a social sense, the printed word cannot take the place of the spoken word. Too many books spoil the cloth, as any countryman will tell his parson.

To my mind the airiest talk was found in the farm kitchens round the turf fire, talk that never went straight, talk that circled the parish as the moth circles the lamp, round burning topics like birth and death and old times and strange happenings. Maybe the man of the house would tell about the six robins that fought to the death in his orchard that day, and the discussion would turn then on war, and soon we would be fighting the true and legendary battles of Ireland over again. At the end of the long night’s gossip I would walk home under the stars. ‘The stars, Joxer, the stars!’ Curious the interest that the Irishman takes in the stars. I could always get any of my parishioners to read a book or attend a talk on astronomy, though they were by no means book-lovers or lecture-goers. The stars somehow compensated them for the earthiness

of their talk—they looked so aloof, so clean, so near to godliness. As the poet Yeats put it:

A starlit or a moonlit dome disdains  
All that man is,  
All mere complexities  
The fury and the mire of human veins.

All the same, I should hate to have missed the merry vein of country gossip. ‘There are three great things in the world’, I heard an American poet, Robert Frost, say lately, ‘there is religion, there is science, and there is gossip’.

—Home Service

## Gardening

# Foliage Trees

YOU CAN PLANT any of the things I am going to mention between now and the end of March or the beginning of April, provided you do the job carefully when there is not too hard a frost.

Evergreens are of special value in the small garden, especially some of the coniferous trees. One of the most outstanding is the blue variety of the Mount Atlas cedar. Then there are the spruces, or piceas, varieties of the familiar Christmas tree, and in this family there is what in my opinion is one of the most beautiful of all the coniferous trees—Brewer’s spruce. It is not common by any means, but it is one that deserves a trial. It has an erect central stem, with the characteristic horizontal branches and graceful drooping branchlets and foliage. It is a tree that gives a wonderful contrast to almost any plant I know. It is not by any means too quick- or tall-growing. Another conifer I would like to mention is one of the *Arbor-vitae*—*Thuja dolabrata*. It is a tall shrub, or a small tree, of pyramidal habit. It will grow to twelve or fifteen feet but it is suitable for the small garden. It has dark, glossy-green foliage, and, underneath the leaves, attractive grey splashes. It likes some shelter and a little leaf-mould or peat round the roots to start it off.

Among other types of trees I would suggest a Japanese maple, one of the taller ones growing to twelve or fifteen feet high. Its name is *Acer palmatum*, variety *atropurpureum*. This gives interest in summer with its dark red foliage, and then turns to a brilliant red in the autumn. It is fairly tolerant of most conditions, including acid soil. Another acid-liking—but lime-hating—tree is *Eucryphia glutinosa*. It has pinnate foliage, and in the autumn it takes on brighter tints. During late July to August it is a solid mass of creamy-white, perfumed flowers.

The next on my list is Scotch laburnum. The particular one I recommend is *laburnum alpinus*, variety *aureum*—the golden thorn. It should not be planted near the street because the pods are poisonous. Then there is the stag’s horn—*Rhus typhina*. It has black, velvety twigs and huge ash-like leaves, which are attractive during the summer and in autumn turn to a brilliant colour for five or six weeks.

A graceful shrub, with foliage that can be used effectively for indoor decoration, is *New Zealand* in origin—*Pittosporum tenuifolium*. This does well near the sea, but it not too hardy. Just one more: the purple plum, *Prunus pissardii*. It has beautiful purple foliage during the summer and autumn, and a charming crop of white flowers in the month of May.

JAMES BRUCE

(From a talk in *Network Three*)



# Letters to the Editor

## Russia, the Atom, and the West

Sir,—The situation is even more serious than Mrs. Eedle's letter (THE LISTENER, December 19) would suggest. There may well be, as she says, many Germans who sincerely wish compensation to be given but, of 40,000,000 Germans, only one has had the courage to make a public protest against the refusal by the German courts of justice to the broken refugee survivors of concentration camps.

Nor, unhappily, has the necessary legislation been passed. On the contrary the Federal Parliament has persistently refused to pass legislation which would give 'adequate compensation' to the non-Jewish refugees—legislation to which Federal Germany pledged herself in the Bonn Convention and reaffirmed two years later in the Paris Agreements. In the past five years Germany has been repeatedly asked to fulfil this obligation, not only by the Bonn signatories but also by the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees, his representative finally stating at the United Nations that 'It was now for the Allied Powers to act, under the Bonn Convention'. (The Bonn signatories, and they alone, can refer the question to arbitration).

That German judges give unsatisfactory decisions is perhaps hardly surprising when we remember that so many of them served under the Nazis—some even in the infamous Volksgerichtshof; but the Bundestag is well aware of this danger and only last year rewrote the original compensation law in order, in its own words, to make it impossible for officials and judges to evade or falsify the intentions of the legislator. These precautions, however, were limited to the German and Jewish claimants; for the refugee concentration camp survivors no such provision was made. Indeed, the Bundestag deleted the one amendment in the bill which might have prevented injustice to this group, in spite of the fact that the Federal Government itself stated that the amendment was required to fulfil a solemn treaty obligation. A member of the Cabinet, the present Minister of Justice, supported this treaty breach—and no single one member of the Bundestag protested.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1      FRANCES BLACKETT  
Hon. Secretary,  
British League for European Freedom.

Sir,—I am in part agreement with Mr. L. M. Hopkins' letter in THE LISTENER of December 5.

We have no reason to mistrust Dr. Adenauer for he has already proved himself a reliable friend of the West. The German people support him. Better to trust and be disappointed, than not to trust and still be disappointed.

Yours, etc.,

The Hague      STANKO TOMIĆ

## The Reasoning of Europeans

Sir,—Mr. M. P. K. Menon should think twice before attempting to take Bertrand Russell to task in a question concerning the history of philosophy or mathematics. It is not 'well known that the Chinese, the Hindus and the Arabs had all developed mathematics even in prehistoric times, and long before the Greeks'.

On the contrary, the history of civilisation in Greece goes back in point of time much further than in the cases of the peoples he mentions.

Can Mr. Menon point to a single mathematical text from India, China, or Arabia dating to the pre-Christian era? If so to whom is it attributed and when and by whom has it been published? In short, what evidence can he give for his claim?

It is true that arabic numerals have replaced those of Greek and Latin origin. But arabic numerals appear to be an invention of the middle ages, and are accordingly irrelevant to a topic of ancient history.—Yours, etc.,

Worcester

J. T. DAVIS

Sir,—If it is true, as Bertrand Russell says (THE LISTENER, November 21), that modern man has lost his sense of purpose and his feeling for practical liberty, may not this be because science has won too well its battle for the mind of man?

I believe that literature and music, to which Lord Russell denies 'causal efficacy', have been and should continue to be not luxuries but practical necessities. By fostering the imagination they encourage faith in the quite unscientific concept that there are genuine alternatives in nature, among which man must make his choices. We need to believe that things can be different from what they are; this takes imagination as well as logic. Science has encouraged the popular mind to believe that imagination is unscientific; is it a wonder that the concepts of purpose and freedom are coming to be thought of as superstitions?—Yours, etc.,

Burlington, Vermont      HERBERT MCARTHUR

## The Rediscovery of Eastern Christendom

Sir,—Rev. Peter Hammond speaks of the 'tradition of catholic Christendom prior to the schism between East and West' as an entity making nonsense of my phrase about the 'mystic highway of the East'. I note that he does not take up my comment about the possible lack of realism in Eastern mystical theology, and that he ignores my claim for variety of approaches. But apart from this it is hardly justifiable for him to defend his position by an assertion which to my mind passes over very different types of theology extant prior to the great schism. We need only compare Augustine, Jerome, even Tertullian and Origen with (say) Pseudo-Dionysius, Irenaeus, and Ignatius to show how shallow such generalisations can be.

By crypto-catholic as a description of Calvin I think Mr. Hammond is merely saying in a somewhat misleading fashion that Calvin was a man of his time who obviously could not have his roots elsewhere than in Catholicism; and no one would dispute this at any length. There is indeed something papal in Calvin's notions of ecclesiastical discipline!

At the same time neither his first talk (which I read) nor his second (which I heard) gave anything like adequate prominence to the positive contribution of Calvinism to lay participation in the Church; and the underlying motif which I fancy I can detect is apparently the one, all too common nowadays, that Christianity will suddenly take on a new lease

of life if somehow there can be a fusion of certain notions and practices in what is vaguely called the 'main stream of Catholic tradition'.

To my mind the Spirit of God works variously at different times and places on the diverse elements of humanity; and we must not try to crib, cabin and confine it by building castles in Spain—or rather in Greece!—out of an insubstantial mysticism.

I hope Mr. Hammond will pardon this second lapse into rhetoric!—Yours, etc.,

Thornhill

JAMES C. G. GREIG

## A Religious Justification of Divorce

Sir,—The views of St. Basil on divorce which I tried to summarise in my broadcast of December 3 are expressed clearly and at length in two passages of his Canonical Epistle to Amphilochius: Rule 4 and Rule 9—see Orthodox Canon Law (full title: *Book of Rules of the Holy Apostles, Holy Councils Universal and Local, and Holy Fathers*) printed by the Synodal Typography, Moscow, 1893. The accuracy of this Slavonic text has never been questioned; and with these references it should not be difficult to find the passages in the original Greek. While doing so, Mr. Francis Morgan might perhaps care to look up Rule 87 of the Sixth Oecumenical Council, also relevant to this correspondence.

But should he prefer it, I could send him—in due course—an English translation of the passages in question.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.6

IULIA DE BEAUSOBRE

## The Ladies' Alpine Club

Sir,—I much enjoyed 'The Ladies' Alpine Club' by Marjorie Milsom (THE LISTENER, November 28).

Early this year I read a diary that belonged to my aunt. 'Diary of six Cantabs. Rain, Boulders and Bogs. The English Lakes, 1889'. They also found skirts a problem. When climbing Helvellyn 'Two objectionable men would keep just behind us, but we manoeuvred them in front for we wanted to turn our skirts up, etc.'. When a snowstorm blotted out the view they looked for the footprints of the two men. Their leader, 'the Anxious One, discovers them and never telling those behind that the footprints are mostly pointing backwards, plants her footsteps in them to obliterate them'. On the brink of Striding Edge they consulted the guide book hoping to make their way to Withburn. It grew clearer 'but alas—steeper and steeper. The Slitherer again fully earned her name by perpetually catching her flopping mackintosh on stones and falling prostrate'. At 'the bar of the little inn, where three men, who had come down by another route, sat drinking, the Anxious One, with a piteous attempt at dignity said, "Can we be dried?" There was a roar of laughter'. A carriage was ordered. 'We discarded our dripping mackintoshes and drove five miles cheerfully with the rain descending on our defenceless heads. We caused great amusement. One old man held his sides for laughter. We were triumphant (on consulting guide books) to find we had, quite by accident, come down by "a path only to be attempted by persons accustomed to mountaineering"'.—Yours, etc.,

Shipham

DOROTHY E. ALLEN



## Round the London Art Galleries



Above, left: 'Oxen I', an etching aquatint by Julian Trevelyan: from the exhibition of colour prints 'New Editions' at the Zwemmer Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2

Above: 'La Vachère', a colour lithograph by Léger: from the exhibition of French lithographs at the Hanover Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1

Left: 'Castle Goudesteijn', by Jan van der Heyden (1637-1712): from the winter exhibition of fine old Dutch and Flemish paintings at Alfred Brod's, 36 Sackville Street, W.1



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Popular Fiction 100 Years Ago

By Margaret Dalziel.

Cohen and West. 20s.

A LITTLE MORE than a century ago the production of cheap fiction for low-grade readers became something like a heavy industry. From that time dates the 'penny dreadful'. Those were the days of Edward Lloyd and of what was known as 'Salisbury Square Fiction', and of the voluminous G. W. M. Reynolds, whose name survives in *Reynolds' News*. Reynolds was the author of the *Mysteries of London*, and in his earlier fiction, Miss Dalziel tells us, was radical, anti-clerical, near-pornographic, and with a fundamentally cynical view of life. Novels and periodicals soon became abundant and often more improving, at least in intention; and although Mrs. Marsh, the author of *Angela*, wrote that 'the Englishman (and woman) of the lower classes does not require what is commonly called pleasure', it is clear that a vast, semi-literate public evolved by the industrial revolution found pleasure in cheap fiction.

With industry and curiosity and an agreeable mixture of seriousness and irony, Miss Dalziel has plunged into this vast residuum of fiction which is beneath criticism but not beneath enquiry. She has threaded her way among the fantasies of vice and crime, love and suffering, the stilted dialogue, the *clichés* and the twaddle, the simple maidens, the profligate peers and clerics, the nautical heroes, gipsies' warnings, and lonely foundlings, to the triumphs of strenuous moral endeavour and of virtue over vice, work over idleness, and sanctimoniousness over fun. She has resurrected the composite image of the chaste, submissive heroine and of the hero endowed with exaggerated sensibility (including the young man who fainted on hearing that he had taken a first at Oxford). She goes into the relations between parents and children, whose obedience was 'completely binding', and the attitudes to class, work, religion, and money; and into the relations between the sexes, with the physical aspect 'almost unanimously ignored' and the general picture of love and marriage largely superficial and misleading, resolutely dodging 'most of the real problems of life'.

All this is of uncommon interest, not because it greatly alters, though it does make more precise, what is known about the spirit of those times in England; but because of the thoughts it provokes about popular entertainment, its nature and influence, and because of the comparisons it inevitably suggests between those times and these. The whole question 'whether or not the people's literary taste has deteriorated during the last hundred years' was evidently with Miss Dalziel throughout. It might be argued that 'the people' has quite a different meaning today, or that 'the people' are always more likely to indulge an appetite than to form a taste. What is more to the point is, that Miss Dalziel's exploration of a continent of trash has convinced her that it is not all trash, and that the conventional Victorian belief in progress, in notions of self-help, moral endeavour, and personal responsibility, looks far from contemptible when compared with 'the modern attitude of rueful acceptance of our own follies and weak-

nesses'. She thinks that 'in the case of both novels and periodicals there has at the lower end of the scale of merit been marked deterioration of standard over the past hundred years'.

She notes in particular the abandonment of the kind and gentle heroine, and of that respect for the value of chastity in women which she believes to be 'fundamental to our culture'; and the glorification of senseless violence and brutality. It is true that the last half-century has seen an unprecedented display of senseless violence and that unchaste women are often much admired. It is also true that brutality and unchastity, reflecting the age and perhaps forecasting the future, are conspicuous in the best as well as the worst fiction of our time. But it is difficult to see why Miss Dalziel should not be justified in agreeing with Miss Fanny Mayne, who wrote in *The Englishwoman's Magazine* for 1852 to the effect that if the fiction-reader's sympathies are enlisted on the side of evil characters the influence upon him or her is unlikely to be good. In any case, sex-and-violence fiction, though it may not be boring, can be sadly narrow.

## Scotland the Brave. By Iain Hamilton.

Michael Joseph. 16s.

The best things in this book are the recollections of childhood, its griefs and ignominies and hours of happiness, evoked as clearly as images in a glass. We see the Highland grandfather, a delightful figure, half-reality, half-dream, as he would have been to an adoring child, and completely convincing. Later appear the boy's Lowland Calvinistic farming relations, whom he comes to know during visits in his holidays. They are seen from outside, with surprise at their inexplicable, minute care for material things, and their strictness over trifles. All this is admirable; we are shown in the most simple way two traditions of Scottish life, one easy and courteous, the other strict and dour.

Mr. Hamilton was brought up in an industrial town near Glasgow, with the Clyde on one side, and a stretch of comparatively unspoiled country on the other. Like most boys in Scotland, he was sent to a school where well-to-do, decently brought-up, and slum children were thrown together; and childhood abruptly and painfully ended. Slum bravoes ruled the playground: 'They swept in bands over the concrete, driving the rest of us before them.' But after a single revolt the boy got used to this, like the others. In the week-ends he roamed the countryside with another boy, or went for walks with his grandfather, who told him entrancing stories of the Highlands.

The Lowlands lay all round him, in and out of school, and they are painfully real; the Highlands turn more and more into a dream desperately cherished, but never realised. In his teens it took him into Scottish Nationalism, and hikes with other Scottish Nationalists and an occasional Communist through the hilly country across the Clyde; but we are mainly conscious of the onset of adolescence with its awkward limbs, pimples, and sexual commotions. Mr. Hamilton deals with them as candidly and honestly as he does with his recollections of

childhood. But they do not seem to matter in the same way; they are not set down for their own interest, but merely to illustrate a general process, 'the ignominy of the growing man.' The atmosphere becomes as strong as thick broth. The Highlands continue to recede after miles of foot-slogging through them in the company of brash young men and women from Glasgow. These chapters are vivid enough, but they move one in a way which they do not seem to have intended; we see the shadows of the prison house closing in on the growing boy without author or boy seeming to realise it. But the childhood scenes are wonderfully delicate and true, and by themselves make the book well worth reading.

## The Spy's Bedside Book. An anthology edited by Graham and Hugh Greene.

Hart-Davis. 15s.

This is the best thing of its kind since *Clubland Heroes* (both books have in common the incomparable Buchan: 'I may be sending you to your death, Hannay', but we know he isn't). But *The Spy's Bedside Book* draws on fact as well as fiction: 'Cicero' as well as Hannay. The fiction includes a few complete stories and many short extracts, the latter ranging from the uproarious William Le Queux ('Then the ghastly truth flashed upon me, causing me to break out into a cold sweat. That pin had been placed there on purpose. I had been poisoned.') to a grim and famous passage from Conrad's *Under Western Eyes* which seems almost shockingly out of place in a book which is essentially an appendix to a Graham Greene entertainment, to be read with pleasure on the 5.18 from Victoria and with apprehension on the Stamboul train. One's only criticism is that some of the extracts are too short: they tantalise like instalments of a serial found in an old paper which one cannot follow up. And, unfortunately, Hugh Greene's epilogue suggests that it is already too late to ransack the Charing Cross Road for second-hand copies of Le Queux: *someone has fore-stalled us*.

In his introduction Graham Greene meditates on the difficulty of distinguishing fact from fiction in the world of espionage. He and his brother might have challenged their readers by printing the names of the authors of the extracts only at the end of the book. Perhaps there is a clue to this problem in a splendid anecdote from Maugham in which Ashenden, professional writer turned British agent, demonstrates with quiet satisfaction the superiority of fiction over life. On the whole, this delightful anthology bears out Maugham's happy conclusion. Could anyone really be quite so absurd as some professional spies or quite so brilliant as some imaginary ones? Fortunately for us all, no.

## The Bombs of Orsini

By Michael St. John Packe.

Secker and Warburg. 25s.

On January 14, 1958, it will be exactly 100 years since Orsini's attempt upon the life of Napoleon III, an event of whose singular importance Mr. Packe is right to remind us. It is perhaps the most tremendous paradox of



modern history that the bombs of Orsini gave Cavour the chance that all his skilful diplomacy might never have brought him. And the deaths that men died for Rome at Mazzini's behest in 1849 might have borne no fruit without Orsini.

When the bombs were thrown by Italian conspirators coming from Britain, it seemed to spell the end of the Emperor's liberalism and the triumph of the Clericals. But no, Napoleon not only conspired with the assassin but also with the republican, Jules Favre, who defended Orsini, to make the trial into a fanfare in favour of Italian unity. Most unexpected of all, the Empress Eugénie, generally the mouthpiece of the Clericals at court, became Orsini's champion: the Austrian Ambassador reported in consternation that 'The Empress has had her head completely turned; she spends all her time weeping and appealing to the clemency of her husband to spare the life of this wretch'.

There was nothing fundamentally villainous about the life of Felice Orsini. On the contrary he was a brave Italian patriot of those stormy days, with all the passion of the Romagna, the rebellious outpost of the Papal States. (How tranquil—despite the Communists—is life there to-day in comparison with the mid-nineteenth century!) Thus Orsini and his friends alternated between exile and imprisonment, two conditions guaranteed to destroy the stability of far more tranquil creatures. After his unprecedented and stupendous escape from the fortress of S. Giorgio in Mantua, his health was ruined in any case. It is not surprising that, sickened by Mazzini's reckless conspiracies, Orsini was goaded into outbidding him. And so he first committed his 'fatal mental error' of attempting an assassination, and then blundered in its execution. But it has been seen that he nevertheless deserves a place among the makers of Italy. His life was not spared, but his trial made it possible for Napoleon to meet Cavour at Plombières, the first practical step towards the expulsion of the Austrians and the unification of Italy.

In his day Orsini was a highly controversial figure in Britain, and his books about his adventures sold sensationally well here: Mr. Packe is to be congratulated upon rescuing him from oblivion. The narrative is vigorous and brisk: to take one example, his account of the *Cinque Giornate* in Milan is excellent. Mercifully he is not obsessed with a desire to discredit the Risorgimento simply because its contemporaries were often too uncritical. Indeed he sometimes falls into generalisations with the romantic ring of those very days—were *all* the officers of the Austrian army in Lombardy and Venetia in 1848 'fanatical reactionaries'? Occasionally he writes an arrestingly good sentence, but then again there are *gaucheries* and a misquotation from Professor Trevelyan which shake the reader's confidence; why not spell Habsburg and the Spielberg and Arénenberg correctly? This is a good book, a little impaired by the author's or the printer's carelessness.

### Lloyds Bank in the History of English Banking. By R. S. Sayers. Oxford. 35s.

As Lloyds Bank must have intended when it selected Professor Sayers to be its historian, this book is very much more than a run-of-the-mill commissioned history of a great bank. Admittedly the usual ingredients are there: the fine

paper and delightful typography, the glossy illustrations of banks and bankers, the anecdotes and character sketches, the genealogies of the banks which through the years coalesced into the present-day Lloyds and those of the banking families which in successive generations provided these banks with partners and directors.

But Professor Sayers has succeeded in blending the familiar ingredients to produce a history not of Lloyds Bank alone but of the whole of English banking development, at any rate in the nineteenth century. The new sources of information at his disposal were admittedly limited to 'the records of Lloyds Bank and the host of other banks from which Lloyds Bank has grown', but this limitation was not such as to prevent him from making 'the picture a rounded one', for Lloyds Bank has its historical roots in every part of the country and in every kind of English banking. Thus the author has had ample opportunity to write about the early private country banks (including the original Lloyds Bank in Birmingham), about the bankers of Lombard Street and of the West End, about the joint stock banks formed after the Act of 1826, and about the relations of all of these with the Bank of England, with the discount market and stock exchange, and with private and business customers up and down the country.

Professor Sayers' history is moreover distinguished not only by its breadth, but also by its depth. Significant of this is his arrangement of his chapters. These are not in chronological sequence, but instead each one treats some particular issue, and between them they cover virtually all the major issues which are likely to arise in the development of banking in almost any large industrialised country. Thus one chapter deals with the social and economic origins of our early bankers, a second with recruitment of their staffs, and a third with the nature of their customers; other chapters deal, *e.g.*, with the development of inter-bank arrangements for transmitting funds up and down the country, with the evolution of the role of the central bank, with the effect of prevailing circumstances on a bank's choice of assets, on the gradual response of the banking system to the need to protect itself from the hazards of financial crises, and with the steadily growing impetus towards amalgamation and centralisation.

The manner in which Professor Sayers has elected to tackle his job, combined with his expository skill and easy style of writing, have resulted in a book equally attractive to three distinct classes of readers: those interested in Lloyds Bank as such, those seeking a general introduction to the origins and organisation of the English banking system, and finally those professionally engaged in the scholarly study of banking theory and banking history.

### The Critic at the Opera

By Dennis Arundell. Benn. 42s.

It was a fortunate inspiration that caused Mr. Dennis Arundell to develop the idea contained in a series of broadcasts, when he introduced each record with comments from contemporary London newspapers, and to carry his researches into performances between 1800 and 1914 back as far as the first signs of opera in England. This volume is rather more than the scrapbook of contemporary gossip and press notices that a superficial glance might have led one to expect. The author has shown fine craftsmanship in

joining these innumerable paragraphs of quotations lifted from memoirs or cut from newspapers, giving them enough historical background to enable a reader to get nearly into contact with the contemporary scene and inter-leaving them with pertinent explanation and pointed, sometimes barbed, comment. The outcome is both entertaining and stimulating, a work that provides amusement for the casual reader as well as material for the historian. It will become an indispensable book of reference for serious students of English taste in opera.

The labour of assembling all these items has had its incidental rewards for the author. One of his most valuable interpolations has to do with the first performance, in Chelsea, of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* in 1689, as was the generally accepted date until Mr. Arundell, in this book, produced good evidence for the summer of 1690. Here it is that the writer's experience of the actual mechanics of opera production gives his thesis particular authority.

### Rural Depopulation in England and Wales, 1851-1951. By John Saville. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 28s.

The drift of population from the country to the towns has, for the past 100 years at least, been recognised as a feature of the changing social structure of England and Wales, yet few attempts have been made to study systematically the extent to which rural depopulation has taken place or its effects on the well-being of our society. A variety of reasons can be advanced for the relative neglect of this important aspect of the changing social scene and certainly the problems involved in measuring accurately movements of population within the country are very great. The fundamental problem is that of precise definition of terms such as rural and urban and the development of the measurement of the movement of population as an exact science, but without systematic and detailed studies we shall never overcome such problems. It is, therefore, encouraging to find that Mr. John Saville has made one of the most detailed studies yet published of rural depopulation in England and Wales from 1851 to 1951 as 'an introduction to a subject which although not wholly neglected in this country is nevertheless a field of research which is still largely uncultivated'.

Mr. Saville is well aware of the difficulties involved in 'the measurement of population decline in the Rural areas' but suggests that 'the decline of rural populations has been greater than has usually been recognised'. His evidence has been carefully collected and compiled, and in particular he has made a detailed study of two English counties. It is primarily the patterns of change he found in these two counties which leads him on to his general thesis of a greater decline than is commonly assumed, but it is, perhaps, not the extent of decline that is so important as the effects of decrease on the structure of rural populations.

The consequences of migration upon the age and sex structures of urban and rural populations are examined in some detail and Mr. Saville shows clearly the imbalance created by an exodus of young persons (predominantly females) from the rural areas. Too many studies in the past have been concerned only with overall movements of population so that this study of sex



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and age differentials resulting from internal migration is especially valuable.

The problems of rural depopulation in Wales are perhaps very different from those in England, but in an introductory study one cannot expect such differences to be examined in detail. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Saville's excellent study will stimulate others to investigate differences of this kind and to do so as success-

fully as he has done for England and Wales.

Mr. Saville is not one of those scholars who regard all aspects of rural life as good and all aspects of urban life as bad. He looks realistically at the advantages and disadvantages of rural living and in a stimulating chapter on 'Some Aspects of the Contemporary Problem' of rural depopulation he deals forcefully with those who look romantically at the rural areas and pleads

effectively for a more objective consideration of the future development of the countryside. He is to be congratulated on his scholarly and objective approach to a problem which is clearly of importance to all of us in this country, and a reviewer need do no more than suggest that this study ought to be read by all those who are concerned with the pattern of population distribution.

## New Novels

Voss. By Patrick White. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.

The Complete Works of Nathanael West. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

The Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda. By F. R. Rolfe ('Baron Corvo'). Nicholas Kaye. 63s.

**V**OSS is an imaginary German, whom Mr. Patrick White supposes to have set out to cross the Australian continent in 1845. His base is Sydney and it is a group of comfortable Sydney businessmen who have clubbed together to finance his expedition. Against their decently trivial colonial chitchat and arrangement of pecking-orders Voss, elemental, self-torturing, devilishly arrogant, stands out as arid and uncompromising as the desert which he has to cross, contrasted with the still only thinly occupied fringe, the seaboard and temperate hill-lands, to which the *bon-bourgeois* settlers have imported all the stuffy provincialism of the English small towns they have come from—in order, in this virginally pagan land of frightening light and splendour, of half-known, half-mythical, flora and fauna, to keep themselves warm. Alone among them Laura Trevelyan, niece of his principal backer, intellectually hungry and intellectually starved, senses something of the differentness of Voss. They fall in love at a distance; and as the curiously assorted expedition works its way, through alternating droughts and rains, both appalling, to final extinction by 'blackfellows' or under the unrelenting sun, Laura is with him in spirit, speaking to him in the wilderness while enacting his tragedy again within herself in the grip of brain-fever in the bedroom of the cosy Sydney house. Three final chapters, by way of epilogue, show the after-lives of those principally affected by the tragedy, and the course of Voss' posthumous reputation.

Mr. White's book has received almost frantic critical acclaim. A leading critic in one of our most reputable weeklies begins: 'In a world of tiny giants and giant dwarfs two contemporary novelists stood alone—Faulkner and Malraux. They have been joined by a third. Patrick White has been compared with D. H. Lawrence and Hardy, even with the incomparable Tolstoy. The comparisons are not ridiculous. There is something about him, too, of Conrad. . . . And so on. Without stopping—or do I mean stooping?—to enquire too closely into the manner in which Faulkner and Malraux 'stood' alone, this is heady stuff. Even Tolstoy had to wait thirty years or so, if the reader will see what I mean, until he was acknowledged to be as great as Tolstoy. One feels like waiting for, say, six months and then asking one of these excited gentlemen, casual-like, to name his half-dozen best living English novelists. Would a single critic, one wonders, remember to include the name of this darling of the moment? Delirious laudation can only upset responsible

criticism and may tempt one, in reaction or in the hangover of retrospect, to value *Voss* at less than its proper worth.

I would say indeed that, were critical categories 'real' rather than predominantly subjective, *Voss* would fall somewhere between Good and Very Good. The scale is large, the writer adult, the subject noble. The style perhaps is overwrought. Mr. White is intent on wringing the last drop of significance out of even the most peripheral details of his tale. It is the inverted significance of understatement, depending often upon the word *some* or *something*: 'there was some quality in the man, something at once enormous yet undefined, some aspect of integrity perhaps that was not altogether to be extricated from arrogance, that might not improbably have alerted a less unaware observer to the possibility of'—I pastiche of course and exaggerate, but that is the kind of thing. But this is a fine book all the same, and well worth reading. It is only a pity that literary sensation-hunting should try to make it out to be a useful compendium of *Nostromo*, *Kangaroo*, *Moby Dick*, *Tess* and *Requiem for a Nun*.

*The Complete Works of Nathanael West* are of course not 'New Novels'—West died in a car crash in 1940, at the age of thirty-seven—but it is, so far as I know, the first time that his four short novels have been generally available in this country. This is an event of some importance. For sheer technique, sheer intellectuality (I certainly do not mean wisdom), West must rank among any half-dozen Americans of this century. The period and the *matière* are Scott Fitzgerald's: the treatment is as if Firbank had been crossed with Swift, with a pinch of Joyce thrown in—I too, dear weekly reviewer, can bandy a good name or two. *The Dream Life of Balso Snell* is pure Surrealist fantasy:

While walking in the tall grass that has sprung up around the city of Troy [it-beguilingly begins], Balso Snell came upon the wooden horse of the Greeks. A poet, he remembered Homer's ancient song and decided to find a way in. . . . Before entering he prayed:

'O Beer! O Meyerbeer! O Bach! O Offenbach! Stand me now as ever in good stead'.

The other three pieces are what transatlantic academics call 'social in content'. *Miss Lonelyhearts* is (I now quote the jacket-critic) 'one of the masterpieces of modern literature. Its formal perfection, the sparseness and clarity of style, the tight coherence of the conception, the delicate balance etc. etc. . . . Miss Lonelyhearts is a young newspaperwoman who conducts a column of advice to the unhappy and confused.'

With the first part of this I reservedly agree: with the second it is less easy to do so, since, had he been able to see the book for the trees (of clarity, coherence, balance and so on), the critic would have discovered no later than the third line of the first page that 'Miss Lonelyhearts' is a man. *A Cool Million*, an outrageous parody on the 'How I Made Good' story, describes how Lemuel Pitkin, decent American boy, made bad and was dismantled, organ by organ (teeth—eyes—a leg—scalp—life itself) on the way. *The Day of the Locust* is the bitterest Hollywood satire of them all.

West's vision of Prohibition life, his no-confidence in the values and culture of the West, are extreme to the point of hysteria. There is no real attempt to argue, only the hardly human scream of a mind at the end of its tether. At the same time the writing is assured, detached, witty, and perfectly economical. For those interested in literature as such this is certainly what is regrettably called 'a must'.

In *The Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda* Mr. Cecil Woolf introduces a collection of Rolfe's stories, culled for the most part from unusually obscure and unobtainable periodicals. Some of these are Rolfe at any rate his second best. He goes, I suppose, when in the grip of his obsessions and persecution manias, as close as is possible to the thin line dividing literature from lunacy. Many of these tales, especially his wildly distorted accounts of his dealings with the Vicar of Holywell—the 'affair of the banners'—which he wrote and most libellously published in pursuit of his malign feud with that unfortunate cleric, ring with the authentic note of madness and yet of madness just controlled. It is as if the average poison-penman were to have been suddenly gifted with, certainly no accession of common sense or of common justice, but a diabolically winged and eloquent quill:

That personage [Rolfe himself] had, on at least three previous occasions, suffered on account of his absurd persistent predilection for trusting to the honour of the dignified clergy, the malfeasance of one bishop and two archbishops (who deserve, and shall have, chapters to themselves), having thrice stripped him stark naked of all that he had arduously earned, and turned him out upon a world, new, strange, and loathsome to him, to begin life afresh, as best he might in such noble circumstances.

There seems no good reason, however, for these stories to have been issued in an (admittedly pretty) limited edition of only 250, and at a price that is effectually prohibitive.

HILARY CORKE



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

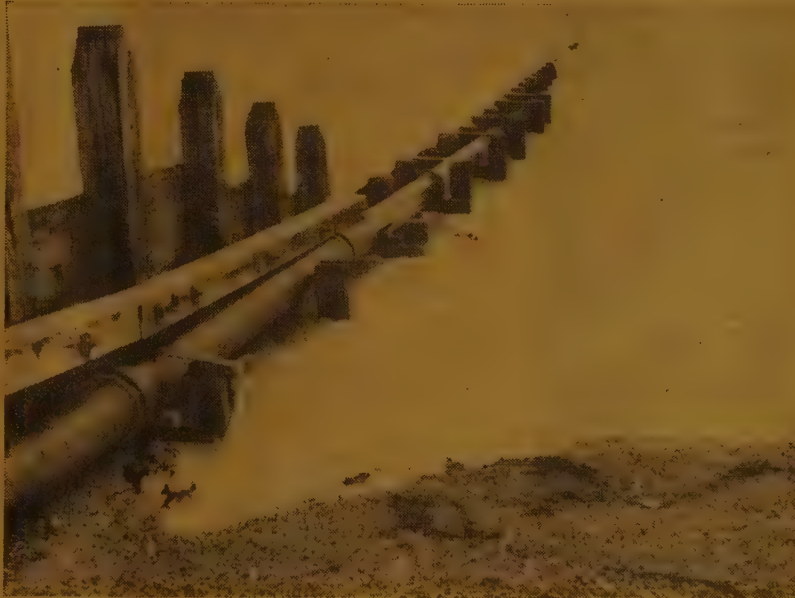
#### Envoy

THIS IS NOT ONLY MY LAST, it is also my shortest week of viewing. Christmas holidays and mails swelled by some millions of Christmas cards compel early posting which has reduced my viewing to a three-day glimpse—'The Brains Trust', the final programme of 'Zoo Quest', 'Panorama', and Monday night's 'Tonight'. I am grateful to Sir Eric James, Noel Annan, Alan Bullock, Dr. J. Bronowski and Norman Fisher for sending me away with one of the best Brains Trusts I have seen or heard in the course of thirteen-and-a-half years. It was not simply that the questions were, several of them, intelligent and of a kind to evoke differences of opinion: the team and question-master too mixed extremely well, and almost from the start a spirit of hilarity descended upon the party in which serious discussion was combined with lively entertainment. One of the earliest and most ingenuous questions asked: 'Can the Brains Trust explain telepathy?' The answer to that one is, as the team would agree, a plain No, but they treated it as a request for their views on the subject and I was surprised at the extreme scepticism of two if not all of them. I would have thought that there is abundant evidence that long-range communication can occur between two individuals by means not yet known.

I was glad not to have to turn my back on 'Zoo Quest for the Paradise Birds' before David Attenborough and Charles Lagus had succeeded in discovering several sorts of these birds in the mountains of central New Guinea. Of course birds of paradise without colour were like 'Hamlet' with the Prince cut out, but Mr. Attenborough's accurate description of the brilliant plumage of one or two specimens enabled us to picture what we had missed. More spectacular than the birds, because more easily filmable, were the pygmies who inhabit the region, whose headdresses and other adornments made of shells and feathers made them look more like walking flowers than human beings. Mr. Attenborough had to engage more than a hundred porters to carry food and equipment, and this procession winding its way through the magnificent scenery added greatly to the realism of the film. The most beautiful shots were those showing the party crossing a rope-and-cane bridge over a rapid river. It has been a wonderful series.

'Panorama' carried its inquiry into the E.T.U. question, which I referred to last week, a stage further, and another item went into the

question whether there is any connection between polio and the pumping of sewage into the sea. Several officials of seaside resorts and one or two independent speakers expressed their views, and I was forcibly reminded, while listening to them, of Ibsen's 'An Enemy of the People' in which a similar conflict of private interest and public good throws revealing lights on the varying morality of the persons in the



A sewage pipeline running out to sea at an English coastal town: from a film on sea pollution shown in 'Panorama' on December 16

play. In a final item, a brief one, Richard Dimbleby announced with modest and pardonable pride that Michael Peacock, editor and producer of 'Panorama', had received from the *News Chronicle* a handsome testimonial for the best regular programme on television as declared by a recent Gallup Poll. It is reassuring to hear that the *vox populi*, which is, I suppose, what a Gallup Poll voices, should choose so serious and public-spirited a programme and one of so consistently high quality.

At the end of the previous week I viewed a 'Press Conference' to which Lord Beveridge was the distinguished visitor. From his reply to one of his questioners I gathered that his idea of a broadcasting service was that it should give the public not what it wants but what will be to its advantage. How heartily I agreed with him. Throughout my years as critic on this page and more especially as critic of television I have deplored the sheer badness of some of the material television offers us. It is not that its kind is bad; it is that it is bad of its kind. I have not reviled it here because it was out of my province, but it often occurred in the course of programmes which were largely documentary, and I had to submit to other

displays of it owing to an over-zealous pursuit of punctuality. These programmes were largely, not entirely, concerned with dancing and something which only by the most abysmal tolerance could be called music. The B.B.C. shows little sense of responsibility in these matters. On the other hand, when it sets out to be good, how good it is. May I wish all those who have been patient enough to read me a New Year of good and carefully selected viewing.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

[Next week Mr. Anthony Curtis takes over from Mr. Martin Armstrong as critic of Television Broadcasting (Documentary)]

### DRAMA

#### Happy New Year !

IN THE DYING LIGHT of 1957 I can wish, in serene certainty, a Happy New Year to all readers of this column. Ivor Brown will succeed me next week, and no one is better fitted to chart a soul's adventuring among masterpieces. They seem—and I am glad to observe it—to be surprisingly plentiful in the programme of television drama during the next months.

I cannot say with honesty that my year (though I have enjoyed it) has been spent among masterpieces. Indeed, looking back over my notes of rather more than



Scene from 'Zoo Quest' on December 15: pygmies in the central highlands of New Guinea with a cockatoo



200 programmes, it is hard to think immediately of any fierce excitement. Clearly, I had often a good time 'on the night'. Fair enough, but television drama is still something oddly ephemeral. It flakes at once from the mind, whereas I could write now in some detail of my best nights in the living theatre (and, for that matter, in listening to sound-radio, spur to the responsive imagination).

Still, it would be foolish to be ungrateful to television drama for the sharp, if transient, pleasure it has given—and will continue to give to me. And it is good to think that Lime Grove, in preparing its spring programme, has had faith in the staying power of its Sunday-night

agent who will sell a house to you during a fog without explaining that there is an aerodrome at the bottom of the garden. Such tragic things as these happen to Hancock—and, moreover, Fate would certainly send up every Viscount in the district just halfway through his musical evening, and in the dead vast and middle of 'Poet and Peasant'.

Here was tragedy unrelieved. Hancock, plump and resolute, his lock falling limply over his forehead, went to interview the agent. At this point he looked like Robert Morley in 'Edward, My Son', but he lacked Morley's drive. Presently he was home again, trying to get rid of the property, on his own account, during another fog. No luck: he was as doomed as Oedipus. The fog lifted too soon, and it was no use then to chat about a little earth tremor.

Why continue the grim tale? We left Hancock (thanks to the same agent) in possession of a very fine property about to be covered by the rising waters of a reservoir. There he was, conducting his musical evening on the roof and endeavouring, to the end, to be Thoroughly Posh. The waters, I am happy to say, did not cover him, though they may have swamped the rest of local society. He was last reported to have been seen rowing away on the double-bass. May his tortured soul find the right civilised seclusion in Thoroughly Posh surroundings! (As I write, I suspect Sidney James will have sold to him already that centrally heated kiln in the Potteries.)

Tony Hancock is the most endearing sport of Fate one could meet. It would have been happy if he had turned up to enliven 'Wishing Well', not on the whole my favourite play, though its fragrant-minute sentiments are as unimpeachable as this latest revival. Finally, 'A Time of Day' is over. Mr. Durbridge has led us out of

the wood, and Laurence Hudson is disclosed as the villain. This, I am sure, has delighted everyone; in these matters I am prepared to trust the author. The cast, uniformly trusting, acted with enthusiasm (Stephen Murray and Raymond Huntley in good spirits). But—a small point—I am always bothered about the kind of safe hidden behind a picture. This is among those properties of a 'thriller' that never really persuade me, though I may wish for them myself.

So, again, goodbye. A Happy New Year to you all (and to Ivor Brown), and thank you for your kind attention during my six-and-a-half years—of listening and viewing—on this comfortable Hearth.

J. C. TREWIN

### Sound Broadcasting

## DRAMA

### Heart Conditions

WHEN I COMPLAINED in this column last week that the truncated Third Programme could no longer, presumably, find time for a dramatic trilogy, I had reckoned without Archie Campbell. Mr. Campbell's production of his adaptation of L. P. Hartley's popular novel *The Shrimp and the Anemone* was re-broadcast in the Third earlier this month; and last week he followed it with versions of the two other volumes of the 'Eustace and Hilda' trilogy, which filled some two-and-a-half hours of the same evening. But there is no pleasing some people. This time my objection is that these novels are not really Third Programme material at all. If ever adapted novels appealed to the sort of public for which the Home Service caters, surely these do?

This saga of a brother-and-sister relationship is wholesome, it is sensitive, it has a genuine feeling for human behaviour of the less sensational sort, attributes I am not at all disposed to disparage after suffering the recent B.B.C. crime-wave. These are, however, qualities suited to the leisurely movement and varied stylistic resources of the novel. It is not at random that one of Mr. Hartley's characters quotes Dante on 'the haste that makes every action graceless'. If

I were to assert that drama must always maintain a higher speed, or at least intensity, to stay airborne, Chekhov and Turgenev would soon dispose of the unwary generalisation. But at least nothing is more difficult in drama than the slow movement. In theory, the condensation of several hundred pages into fewer than a hundred of dialogue might have solved the problem by accelerating the tempo. In practice the transformation of fiction into drama is not so simple as that.

In this case, and if Mr. Campbell will forgive me, Mr. Hartley got the worst of both worlds. The whole of Part I of 'Eustace and Hilda' produced a dramatic development that could only be described as negligible. Eustace was invited to Venice, Hilda was getting interested in Dick; and that was about all. Whereas Part II, after dawdling along for most of its length in Venice, as far as possible from the scene of dramatic action, suddenly jerked into what was not



Scene from 'Wishing Well', televised from Wales on December 17, with John Glyn-Jones (left) as Henry Pugh, Kathleen Grace as Amelia Smith, and Eynon Evans at Amos Parry the Post

audience. Let us hope that this faith is extended to the timing of the plays, and that we shall be spared the cuts that, during 1957, so often exasperated us—in, say, 'Twelfth Night' and 'Uncle Vanya'.

Catalogues can flag, and I will not go back in detail over a year that (from my study of the files) was obviously full of interest and ingenuity. My own last viewing days were governed by Tony Hancock. He thrust his way from the screen so enjoyably during his Monday-night programme that I may be remembering him when this article appears. By one of those convenient chances, when he came on the screen I found myself holding (gingerly and unexpectedly) a book called *Tragedy: Serious Drama in Relation to Aristotle's 'Poetics'*. It seemed to me, half an hour later, that the distinguished author could have added a chapter on Mr. Hancock whose performances are another 'fruit of the human instinct to tell stories, to reproduce and recast experience'.

I felt intensely for Mr. Hancock at the tragic moment when his home, during a musical evening, began to vibrate to its foundations as though a hundred pneumatic drills were at work in the cellar. That comes of trusting an estate



The last episode of 'A Time of Day' on December 18, with (left to right) Dorothy Alison as Lucy Freeman, Stephen Murray as Clive Freeman, Raymond Huntley as Detective Inspector Kenton, Frank Pemberton as Sergeant Williams, and John Sharplin as Laurence Hudson



far short of melodrama. Hilda, seduced by dirty Dick, is struck speechless and completely paralysed. When Eustace tries to shock her out of it by nearly pushing her bath-chair over the cliff-edge, the drama also comes perilously near toppling over into burlesque. And when, as soon as Hilda recovers, Eustace succumbs to his own dicky heart the pathos seems fatally arbitrary.

One took Mr. Hartley's point, or one hopes so. Some women hold on too tight and get hurt, some men drift too amiably with the tide. And Mr. Hartley cares more for these human anemones and shrimps than for the more balanced and less remarkable people, like their sister Barbara, who just seem to get on with the necessary business of marrying and having children as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Eustace and Hilda were feelingly done by David Spenser and Olive Gregg and Mr. Campbell's production showed that he shared not only the original author's understanding but his affection for them. All the same a more drastic selection of key-stages in the human development, a tauter stringing of them, is necessary for dramatisation, and not what I call dramification. And, even so, the novelist's view of human relations is closer to Home than to a Third Programme that can no longer afford all its five available hours in one week for what is not strictly its dramatic business.

The heart in Elmer Rice's 'The Winner' (Home) is of gold and not, as the world nastily suspects, of a gold-digger. Yolande Donlan gave her usual good account of the cigarette-girl who fights not so much for the inheritance from an old man—who handed her a will in her favour, invited her to Cuba and expired from heart trouble in her apartment—as for her good name. But when the case comes into court, where it remains most of the time, with counsel on both sides who also visited the girl in her apartment on the fatal night and are interested in making return visits, the play becomes, in both senses, a bit of a trial.

'The Trial of Machiavelli'—accused, of course, of having no heart at all—should have been a bit more of a trial. Laurence Kitchin allowed his anachronistic witnesses too much anecdotal rope, until Cesare Borgia, in the person of Norman Shelley, began to bate counsel with a barbed brevity that was sheer delight. As played by Mr. Shelley, the Borgia makes rings round the bourgeois. Or—disturbing thought—is it only that a critic has a sort of fellow-feeling for this cultivated connoisseur of crime?

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### A Year on the Hearth

IT IS NEARLY a year since I began to write this column and as I look back over the legions of talks and features which I have listened to on the wireless mine eyes tend to dazzle at the sight. The regular listener to the productions of the Talks Department is provided with probably the most varied magazine it is possible to have. There are, I can well imagine, those who can listen with equal attention to a talk on the Indo-European languages, to the reminiscences of a Yorkshire farmer, or a far-flung travelogue about a canoe trip up the Usumacinta river. I sometimes feel a little guilty that my listening is not more catholic than it is, that I give most

of my space to Third Programme talks that seem to me to have a serious purpose on quite a different level from the 'entertainment' talks which form the bulk of the spoken word on the other services.

On the Home Service the level of talks is highly variable—to judge from my meagre year's experience as a critic. Discussions such as 'At Home and Abroad' or the recordings of sessions of a north-country debating society are unfailingly interesting, and of a high standard of 'non-high-brow' intelligence. One of the reasons for the creation of Network Three was that the Home Service should be released from producing much material that was not naturally ungenial. I think it has used its new available time with great discretion and imagination.

As this is the close of the year, I have been looking back over my cuttings of 'The Spoken Word' and remembering the many and various pleasures I had from so many programmes—and the few pains. To deal with the pains first; I nearly always feel the worst pain of prostration when I listen to the philosophical discussions on the Third Programme. Their obscurity convinces me that I'm a mental nincompoop, and the arguments of the various speakers always depend on a highly specialised intellectual training.

It has always been the policy of the Third Programme to allow specialists to be as special as they please, and in their discussions to be overheard talking as they would naturally talk among themselves. I am all for this in general, but I have heard that even the students of some of the philosophers taking part in these discussions have been unable to follow the thought and argument through. Perhaps here there is a place for compromise. There should always be a firm chairman at these sessions, whose primary job should be to see that clarity is maintained, and that no individual speaker is permitted to veer off in some direction which will envelop all in a cloud of non-understanding. I make rather a point of this since the philosophical programmes of the Third Programme provide listening of a kind I most enjoy. But their presentation nearly always mars the enjoyment.

But to the pleasures. I remember Mr. Cyril Ray's most moving series of programmes about his visits to prisons in England, where he recorded material which must have given all who heard it a modified conception of the criminal mind. What was most remarkable about the series was the passion felt by Mr. Ray. He was not a journalist doing a job, but a man earnest about his mission. I remember Mr. Colin MacInnes' programmes about the colour question in England in much the same way. It is impossible for a journalist to be emotionally involved in all that he does, but when he is it shines through and transforms his subject. Most journalists dealing in the written word can produce a workable but insincere emotion. In the spoken word a similar working-up of emotion is deadening. Fortunately the talks on the wireless are for the most part not given by professionals, but by radio amateurs who bring to the microphone their professional enthusiasms. My favourite kind of broadcaster is the man whose voice tends to rush along pell-mell to enlighten his audience on some matter which concerns him vitally, and he is certain concerns the world at large.

For this reason one of my pleasantest

memories of my year's listening is of the series on the Indo-Europeans. Though the contributors were academic in their treatment, though they allowed no vivid imaginings in their scientific presentation, the series left me with a feeling of high romance, of having made contact with our ancestors in remote times.

The model of how not to do such a programme was the series on Anglo-Saxon England in Network Three. This was so over-prepared that all the life was drained from it. Again, a chairman was needed who could extract spontaneity from his men and keep them within an agreed, comprehensible area.

I have enjoyed my year as a Critic on the Hearth. If only I have absorbed a quarter of what I have heard I shall be grateful.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC

### Cantatas Sacred and Profane

JAMES JOYCE'S PROSE, when at its imaginative and least obscure best, is a gift to a composer with a feeling for words and for poetic fantasy. Such a composer is Mátyás Seiber, whose cantata, 'Ulysses', is a wonderfully successful translation, into terms of music, of the famous meditation upon the mystery of the universe in Joyce's novel. With an uncanny sureness of touch the musician creates that sense of wonder that we all feel when confronted with the immensity of outer space.

It is astonishing that a foreign-born composer, and one whose own language has not the slightest affinity with our own, has so thoroughly mastered English idioms that he can set Joyce's words to recitative that Peter Pears, a singer unequalled in this kind of music, can declaim it as though it were the most natural, and indeed inevitable, way of doing it.

Concerning the choral writing in this work one may, perhaps, ask whether it moves quite so naturally, whether it has not sometimes been arbitrarily imposed upon a preconceived orchestral texture? It adds, of course, its own texture to the whole, but it does not sound supple enough, moving with rather stiff joints. This is not to criticise the B.B.C. Choral Society, who surmounted the formidable difficulties with apparent ease, and so thoroughly earned their right to rejoice greatly under the direction of their own trainer and conductor, Leslie Woodgate, in the grand choruses of 'Messiah' last Wednesday evening.

But it does cross my mind that possibly Seiber could have made his 'Ulysses' an even finer work if he had allowed Joyce's contemplation of the stars to become translated into purely orchestral music, perhaps with the solo tenor to indicate what it is about. For the interest of the music is mainly in the orchestra, especially in the most beautiful section or movement, the Nocturne which depicts the stillness of night broken only by the 'emergence of nocturnal or crepuscular animals'. This movement is labelled 'Homage to Schönberg', but it is even more a tribute to the composer's compatriot, Bartók, in his nocturnal mood. If the debt is obvious, this is no case of 'cribbing', Seiber's invention and imagination are his own, stimulated by his text.

Anthony Milner's triptych, 'St. Francis', which was broadcast from Birmingham, is more in the normal tradition of English choral music. The composer has studied with Seiber and has evidently acquired something of his gift of



imaginative vision. The imagination is imposed in this work on a more conventional foundation so that the cantata has a solidity that somewhat inhibits the ecstatic expression one expects of its subject. There is again a tenor soloist who has an aria (St. Francis' sermon to the birds) on an isorhythmic bass, that is to say, a 'ground' whose recurrences begin on different beats in the bar. This ingenious use of a device from the fourteenth century adapted to a later idiom produces a beautiful effect, because the ingenuity is not allowed to get in the way of melodic invention in the voice-part above the shifting bass. It was excellently sung by Duncan Robertson. The City of Birmingham Choir and Orchestra were conducted by Meredith Davies. Lennox Berkeley's opera, 'Ruth', was revived

for two studio performances by the English Opera Group at the beginning of last week. This pastoral idyll makes good broadcasting material, for the work is full of beautiful, lyrical music, and such dramatic action as there is loses little or nothing of its effect from the absence of stage presentation. The singers, who were those in the original cast, have now settled down into their parts and so were able to make the best effect of their music. Una Hale (Naomi), Anna Pollak (Ruth) and Peter Pears (Boaz) were the principals, all of whom sang their words with a clarity that might be taken as a model elsewhere.

Lalande has succeeded the splendid Venetian, Gabrieli, as the subject of centenary commemoration. Gabrieli was celebrated a few weeks ago in three programmes admirably chosen to dis-

play the magnificence of the music in St. Mark's at the end of the sixteenth century. Last week we could hear that the splendours of Versailles a century later did not prevent Louis XIV's court organist from composing genuine church music. Lalande—let us stick to the old spelling until the musicological College of Heralds has given judgement on the claims of La Lande and Delalande—was, on this showing, a composer of considerable stature whose music is one more nail in the coffin of the old notion that the seventeenth century in France was wholly addicted to frivolity and licence. Like Purcell's, Lalande's music for the Church reflects contemporary operatic fashions, but that does not make the 'Miserere' we heard last week anything less than profoundly religious.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Rubbra and the Symphony

By HUGH OTTAWAY

The Seventh Symphony will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m. on Saturday, January 4 (Third)

THERE are only two ways of effectively organising a large-scale musical structure, the 'vertical' way and the 'horizontal'. In practice, no doubt, the two are interdependent, yet one or other is invariably found to predominate. The men who made the classical symphony knew very well that, however important the function of melody, it was the vertical approach, based upon harmony and key-relationships, that gave them their structural plans. The tendency today is in the other direction; nineteenth-century chromaticism progressively weakened the long-term effectiveness of key-conflict, and many of the developments of the last fifty years have relied upon horizontal—melodic and contrapuntal—methods of organisation. Significantly enough, the symphony has declined; smaller forms, often of a *concertante* nature, have come to the fore.

Edmund Rubbra is a rare case of a composer who, though essentially horizontal in his musical outlook, has applied himself consistently to symphonic writing. He has had to find his own way, and his first four symphonies, composed in quick succession—by modern standards, that is—during the years 1935-41, provide clear evidence of his struggle for expression. Broadly, the 'struggle' may be described as an attempt to create polyphonically, and mainly from monothematic premises, a convincing alternative to the traditional concept of symphonic architecture. To replace the opposition of 'subjects' with thematic germination; to translate the dramatic interest—key-conflict—into a variety of contrapuntal tension. This, of course, is a deliberate formulation *after the event* and is based upon the composer's practice, not upon previous theory. Although he has developed a definite analytical approach to his own music, Rubbra has not been given to theorising; indeed, he began his work as a symphonist with a good deal of trial and error, sustained by his feeling for sixteenth-century polyphony and a desire to revive that way of thinking in modern orchestral terms.

His Symphony No. 1, in three movements, was composed in the wake of Walton's Symphony and Vaughan Williams' Symphony in F minor. The influence of those two works, especially the Walton, is felt in the opening movement. The other movements, however, go far towards establishing Rubbra's independence. The scherzo is a closely knit contrapuntal commentary on an old French dance tune, the finale a slow-moving, spacious piece with a fugal summing-up: the one exemplifies the principle of thematic dissection and derivation, the other

that of thematic growth or germination. Here, in fact, are the structural prototypes from which so many of Rubbra's subsequent movements have been evolved.

The Second and Third Symphonies carry forward these lines of thought and also probe in other directions: the finale of No. 2 is a modified rondo, that of No. 3 a set of variations, and the opening movement of No. 3 borrows something from the 'sonata' scheme. Such developments were not necessarily relevant to Rubbra's central course at that time. It is noteworthy that in No. 4, the masterpiece among these early symphonies, each movement is worked out monothematically and without recourse to external formal supports. The first movement, a splendid example of the spacious, germinal type, develops in one enormous span from a little three-note motive in the opening bars; the pace is unhurried and the ordering of the textures is masterly in its control. The composer's ability to concentrate upon essentials with an air of easy relaxation emerges still more strongly in the second movement, a delicate *allegretto*, at once song-like and dance-like. Only in the middle of the finale is there any sense of struggle or uncertainty, and there it is underlined by the very firmness of the rest of the movement.

No. 4 would have been a landmark, a point of arrival, even if Rubbra had followed it up at once. But before he could begin No. 5 some six years were to elapse, largely on account of war service, and when at length he came to grips with the work, in 1947, he did so 'with no sense of reference to the other four'. From some composers such a statement would mean a radical change of style. Rubbra, however, has never developed by fits and starts, and it is mainly in the greater flexibility of texture, revealed particularly in the orchestration, and in the more positive use of tonality, that No. 5 stands apart. Its structures are based on the same monothematic principles: the first and third (slow) movements grow out of the germinal motives in their opening measures, though with a lyrical freedom that is hard to match in the earlier works; the 'scherzo', a kind of bucolic humoresque in 2/4, is a direct descendant of the scherzo in No. 1.

The greater awareness of tonality as a structural force—No. 5, in B flat, is the first symphony to which Rubbra assigned a key—is quite another matter, yet even this is glimpsed in the finale of No. 4, where E major is systematically evolved. In Nos. 6 and 7 tonal thinking has effected a new equilibrium in Rubbra's symphonic

style, a new relationship between the horizontal and the vertical. Modifications in structure, as well as in texture and orchestral colouring, have been the result. Thus it is No. 6 (1954), not No. 5, that looms up as the second big landmark. Its opening movement is a clearly defined 'sonata' design, with contrasted subjects and an almost dramatic use of key; and yet it is true to say that the symphony's primary impulse remains melodic and contrapuntal.

Symphony No. 7 in C (1957) is in three movements, like Nos. 1 and 4. The broad parallel with No. 1—a lively, rhythmical second movement, followed by a slow, linear finale culminating in a fugue—is particularly striking and serves to emphasise the dissimilarity in the working out. The opening *allegro moderato* is built upon the 'sonata' plan, but running through all the thematic material is a basic figure of four notes, compounded of two rising semitones and a falling fifth. This melodic figure is strongly impressed upon us in the *lento* introduction, where it seems to be typical of Rubbra's germinal motives (*cf.* the opening movements of Nos. 4 and 5). In fact, however, its germinal function is very limited, for the themes of the *allegro moderato* can scarcely be said to grow out of it; rather are they associated by it, which is by no means the same thing: the basic figure is their common factor, not their origin. Thus, while the thematic unity remains important, greater flexibility and variety are possible than in a movement of the strictly germinal type, and the vertical factor—harmony and key—inevitably plays an active part in the musical structure.

The middle movement, *vivace e leggiero*—a bustling scherzo with two trios—shows a similar flexibility. Its outpouring of melodic ideas, loosely connected by the rhythmic figure from the opening bars, is unprecedented in Rubbra's work. Again the vertical element asserts itself, giving the music something of the character of a rondo. The use of the orchestra has much of the warmth and subtlety found in the 'Canto' of No. 6.

The finale is a *passacaglia-lento*—whose magnificent linear structure is all the more satisfying in such a context. Even here, however, Rubbra does not tighten the horizontal argument as closely as one might expect: the ultimate fugue has an independent subject and is in the nature of a coda to the whole work; its relationship with the *passacaglia* is one of relaxation. And it is arguable that the *passacaglia* derives its character as much from the harmonisation of the 'ground' as from its contrapuntal treatment.



# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## SOFT FRUIT DRINKS

I AM FIRST GOING to give you the recipe for a basic syrup which can be varied by adding fruit and fruit juices of your particular choice. Almost any combination of fruit and fruit juices is delicious if you cool and sweeten the juices properly. Here are the ingredients for a syrup that makes enough for fifty or more servings. It will keep for a week.

You will need three lemons, three oranges, two ounces of citric acid, three pounds of granulated sugar, and three quarts of boiling water. Peel off the rind of the oranges and lemons thinly, and squeeze out the juice. Melt the sugar and add the citric acid in the boiling water, add the rinds and the juice. When it is cool, strain and cover.

You can dilute this syrup as you wish and can add various flavours. For strawberry lemonade add to each serving two to four tablespoons of crushed strawberries—tinned or frozen. Raspberries, pineapple, or loganberries can be used the same way. If you are using pineapple or loganberries then a little blackcurrant syrup blends well with the flavour. If you want to add a garnish, you can use sliced bananas, stoned tinned cherries, and the thinly peeled rind from an orange, and a sprig or two of mint. To get a sparkle into this drink, use some soda water or fizzy lemonade, or ginger ale, or ginger beer. And for an added zest you could put in some apple juice—the bottled sort—or some non-alcoholic cider.

Here is a recipe for a fruit punch. You will

need 1 pint of freshly made China tea, 1 pint of grape juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of icing sugar, the juice of 5 lemons and 6 oranges, 1 quart of crushed pineapple, one small tin of stoned red cherries, one large bottle of fizzy lemonade, and one sprig of mint or borage. Combine the sugar and tea, stir until dissolved. Add the fruit juice, pineapple, and cherries and set aside to chill and blend. When you are ready to serve, add sufficient iced water to make a gallon, pour into a punch bowl, or any large bowl you may have, add fizzy lemonade, and ladle into glasses containing a generous quantity of cracked ice.

NELL HEATON

Marcasite is another matter. Never use water on it. Marcasite is made from steel, and water would rust it. To clean marcasite you want a dry brush that has been used for cleaning silver—one that is impregnated with the silver-cleaning agent, but dry. Then place the article to be cleaned on a small piece of tissue paper in your hand and brush it vigorously.

To clean an imitation pearl necklace, put some white talcum powder on a piece of cotton wool and gently rub the necklace. This will clean the thread and pearls.

BETTY ALLAN

## CLEANING COSTUME JEWELLERY

A listener asks for some information about cleaning costume jewellery—particularly good quality paste and marcasite. I would advise using soap and warm water for cleaning most costume jewellery, particularly any plated metal jewellery: just shake the piece about gently in the water. I never use detergent for this. With paste jewellery you should examine the piece first to see how the stones are set. If it has a claw setting—if you see little claws holding the stones down—then clean it with soap and warm water; but if the stones appear to be just sunk into the metal, then more often than not they have been glued with non-waterproof glue, and water might loosen them. In that case I would use a soft brush with a small amount of whitening powder.

## Notes on Contributors

JOHN MIDGLEY (page 1055): Foreign Editor of *The Economist*; formerly Bonn correspondent of *The Times*

D. F. HUTCHISON (page 1057): Chief Personnel Officer of a large manufacturing company

GRAHAM HOUGH (page 1063): lecturer in English, Cambridge University; author of *The Romantic Poets*, *The Last Romantics: Ruskin to Yeats*, and *The Dark Sun*

LEONARD CLARK (page 1074): author of *Sark Discovered*, *The Mirror* (poems)

W. R. RODGERS (page 1075): B.B.C. producer, 1946-52; Minister of Loughall Presbyterian Church, Co. Armagh, 1934-46; author of *Europa and the Bull*; *Awake*, and *Other Poems*; etc.

## Crossword No. 1,439. Proof Required. By Andreas

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 2. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

The following unclued lights have something in common:—  
Across: 1, 6, 10, 20, 22, 29, 53, 60, 61R, 62, 63, 64,  
Down: 1, 12, 14, 21, 24, 41, 48R, 49R, 53. Other clues are normal and punctuation should be ignored.

### CLUES—ACROSS

- Game one gets confused in the mind (5)
- Scottish potter who is dark in a way (6)
- Message and no mistake (3)
- British live and return to decay (3)
- 61R may be this (3)
- Scottsman's expression of regret when he sees the first of his hills (3)
- A Latin and a Greek letter (3)
- To this was a capital offence in Titipus (5)
- Ink in the purchaser's allowance; a paltry thing (7)
- Scottish one on time (4)
- Flag stone with a jagged projection (3)
- Milton held ivy never was (4)
- Expel from a West Riding town (3)
- A sailor returns with silk satin from the East (5)
- Where a Dutch leader and his mother could be made to live (9)
- Grave doctor from this, whatever way you look at it (4)
- Figure produced by gory part of the hand (8)
- Old bird emerging from the water (3)
- Country suggested by new gold coin (5)
- Tale the injured runner will tell (7)
- A handful of corn for a horse which is not quite fit for use (3)
- 51R. Kind of burglar to steal a plant (6)
54. Praise though nearly didn't win (3)
- 55R. Sheer boundary, as Spenser wrote it (5)
58. City and Northern river-source (3)
- 59R. He sided with the British in the American Revolution (4)

### DOWN

- Walk for the morning bus—almost dead (8)
- Oriental sailor gets confused with a female angel (7)
- Incite this bird; it's a sooty-tern (3)
- 'Et tu Brute'! What sort of an answer did he want? (5)
- Drink enough (4)
- Fish one could easily hide in this clue (3)
- Never a different tale (4)

- Figure no Americans like confused (5)
- Met mostly Greek Teddy boy (7)
- A valley melody (4)
- Recoil from the start of a fantastical dish (4)
- Formerly slang for a small sum of money (5)
- Ship which ends in the current (5)
- Bean tree in addition to filling (8)
- Holy crop for an animal (5)
- Fish on the end of the line (3)
- Flatter a simpleton; there's love in him (4)
- A pair of horses measure nine inches (4)
- Measure part of the arena (3)
- Moulding of two heraldic wings in the batsman's nightmare (5)
- Iolanthe has the raw material and the sound support (4)
- Father's lost a bit on top (4)
- 52R. Unleavened bread in a crazy mixture (4)
56. 6A may be this (3)
- 57R. He becomes himself when he reflects (3)
58. No doubt this has connections with 6A (3)

## Solution of No. 1,437

ARIADNE SPHERE  
MULLA RAE EATINR  
ABUTYRIEYVOO  
ZYTHUMSIIYES  
ELOITOTHSWBLI  
MOINZETTERLAIV  
ELEGITIMOUSSE  
NLEITMSIUTLED  
TIEVCECTOPIA  
APFICAREPADL  
ROODCEITAPU  
TIFILANDERHANS  
ISLETSSKYCLAD

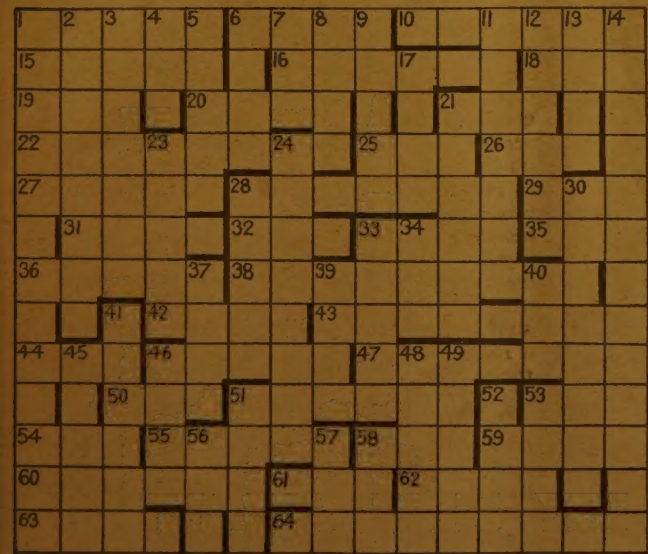
### NOTES

The puzzle was an allusion to the maze of Daedalus. Solvers were expected to thread their way to the centre, starting at the back-door. Their route would have disclosed the following message: 'DIRECT YOUR STEPS SO, THESEUS WILL LEAD YOU TO THE MINOTAUR'.

Across: 1. Anag.; 14. Hidden and def; 20. the last word mentioned in most dictionaries; 25. patron saint of artists; 27. Toth & Eder (first to use alkaline catechol); 38. Anag. of USE; 41. Anag.; 44. Def. and hidden; 55 B-19 A. PARLEY-VOO ('view' rough pun on 'voo'); 56. producer of 'Beggar's Opera'; 58. C-RARE and def; 59-56 A. Sadler's well.

Down: 1. Quote from Bk. of Common Prayer. 2. Nonpareil, ruby, pearl; 5. EAR-ST (St. Eloi); 8. HAY-WIRE; 15. pun on inn-door and lit; 16 U-34 D. 'Much Ado'; 26. pun on suites, also def (cf. Sir T.B.'s 'lollipops'); 28 D-6 A. Milton. P.L. Bk. VII. 250; 52. pun on creak and def; 53. Wordsworth, Eccles. Sonnets 2. No. 31, line 14.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: W. Purbrick (Wallington); 2nd prize: A. O. Baxter (Macclesfield); 3rd prize: F. G. M. Wheeler (Thetford).



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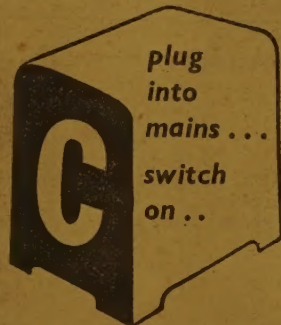
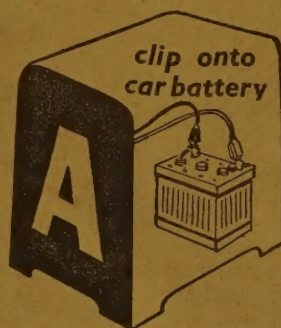
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